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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1903.

The Week.

Mr. Cleveland has chosen the better part. In taking himself definitively out of the list of Presidential possibilities, he renounces no honor which he has not already had in full measure, but confirms himself in the admiration of his countrymen, while insuring an old age enriched by dignified leisure and troops of loving friends, instead of being embittered by strife and trouble. Cobden wrote, apropos of Lord Palmerston, that "all men of the age of seventy-two with unsatisfied ambitions are desperadoes." The saying is true of some men at other ages—say, forty-five. But Mr. Cleveland has shown that his ambitions are satisfied. Not even the extraordinary turning to him at this time of the hearts and hopes of thousands among the best in the land can move him again to risk health and happiness in political turmoil. The third-term tradition he does not mention but undoubtedly respects, though in strict form it would not be operative against him. Old enmities would be, however, though he could doubtless have ridden them down as so many times before. But, as we say, his decision is a wise one. The vilifications of a few years ago have given place to praise; his party is returning to his feet; his counsels are sought with all of the old confidence. What better ornament of his declining years could he hope to have?

Gov. Odell has the advantage of Platt in years and in bodily vigor. He has also far more personal force. He does not, like Platt, temporize with opposition, speak his enemies soft, and bide his time for undoing them by petty treachery, but he beats them down with a mailed fist. His hand has been heavy on the Legislature; he has put through some of his schemes for tax reform and departmental reorganization—often excellent—with a relentlessness that has won him many foes. His method was shown when, at the beginning of Mr. Odell's term, Platt sent his son to the Governor with a few of the usual orders, and the Governor practically kicked the emissary out of the executive chamber. It was shown again last week, when he went to Washington with his "fighting clothes" on, and delivered to Platt an ultimatum demanding unconditional surrender. In both cases Platt yielded because he could no nothing else. Certain it is, then, that if the Governor has made up his mind to displace those State leaders who are drones, incompetents, or secret friends of the Democrats, he will do the work with thoroughness, and make the organization far more efficient than it could be under Platt.

Granting all that may be said for Odell's leadership, however, the result of the conference in Washington must be disquieting to Roosevelt. The President, by appointing State Senator McClelland to the Board of General Appraisers, helped forward Platt's scheme for renewing his grip on the Legislature again; but along comes Odell and with a single puff blows down that elaborate card house. Moreover, the President—according to common report—is not particularly fond of the Governor and does not profoundly trust him. The doubt which vexes all national managers is whether anybody can save New York from the Democrats. The feud between Platt and Odell has already gone so far as to weaken the party; and Platt, though beaten, can be trusted to resort to underhand means to harass the victor. If Mr. Odell is to be professed leader and responsible for the outcome next November, Platt will not be sorry to see a Democratic victory, even if both Roosevelt and Senator Depew fall outside the breastworks.

"I have always contended that the laws of commerce are as positive in their action as the laws of nature"—thus Senator Hanna in explanation of the present financial depression. We are certain that this revolutionary statement will be received with dismay by the "stand-patters," and the numerous persons who up to this time have believed with Mr. Hanna that crops, prosperity, stable finances, and the full dinner-pail all depended upon the Republican party. We have no recollection that, during the hard times under President Cleveland, Senator Hanna or any other Republican leader admitted that there was such a thing as a "law of commerce." The bad crops, the monetary depression—all the misfortunes of the Democratic régime—were merely due to the fact that the man in the White House was a Democrat with leanings toward free trade. The one thing necessary to give the wage-worker the highest possible pay and to bring peace and contentment into every home, was to elect a good Republican to the Presidency and fill the House and Senate to overflowing with men of the same political faith. Now that Senator Hanna is willing to admit that the financial condition of a country depends upon something more than legislation at Washington and the complexion of the majority party, that there are deep, underlying laws controlling trade and commerce, we may expect to hear something else than "standing pat"—even from Ohio. At any rate, it is pleasant to learn now from Mr. Hanna that "business is good" and that "we are simply settling back to a normally prosperous situation."

Even this reassuring statement of Senator Hanna's will not, we think, quiet the increasing uneasiness of the Republican leaders at the steadily growing gap between the national income and expenditure. For the four months and twenty-five days of the fiscal year the deficit is $4,500,000, as against a surplus of $11,865,967 for the same period of last year. The *Times* learns that the President will use these figures to urge economy upon Congress. Senator Elkins remembers now having advised some of his Republican colleagues of the last Congress not to repeal the war taxes, and he plaintively remarks: "An excess of revenue is a very fickle thing. It often vanishes very suddenly." That this is a profound and statesmanlike thought no one can deny. But how can the President or Senator Elkins, or even Hanna himself, wean a lavish Congress from billion-dollar expenditures? That is much more easily said than done, even in the face of a shrinking income. Moreover, Congress has voted battleships and cruisers with no thought that the payments for them would soon fall due. Now it is told by the Secretary of the Navy that it must pay out nearly $100,000,000 to maintain the service, and to meet shipbuilders' bills payable. Whereas the army and navy appropriations in 1895 were 49 millions, they were raised by the last Congress to 180 millions—unpleasantly large figures just at this time.

The rector of the wealthiest parish of the Episcopal Church in the United States diversified the perfunctory cheerfulness of Thanksgiving Day services by "adding intercession to thanksgiving." In Dr. Dix's enumeration of alarming signs of the times, the depression of values found a place beside class hatred, gambling, irreligion, and infidelity to the marriage bond. Indeed, if rhetorical emphasis be any criterion, selling stocks cheap is an even more heinous offence than any previously catalogued by theologians. Dr. Dix deplored "the cold-blooded assaults on private property by those who attack corporations and drag them down to bankruptcy for their own advantage, in order to enrich themselves by the losses which their acts bring about," and then condemn murder and assassination. Apparently, the preacher desired some kind of divine support for the stock market. Now, nobody has attacked or depressed the actual business of the United States Steel

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Company, for example. It is worth just what it was a year ago. Furthermore, nobody could have attacked the securities of that company with success if they had been worth intrinsically what was paid for them. Again, those securities are to-day worth just as much to actual holders as they ever were. No sympathy need go out to speculators in inflated values; and if Trinity Church is to assert both a geographical and spiritual jurisdiction over Wall Street, it will do well to reserve its anathema for those who better deserve it—the great bankers and promoters who sold the widow and the orphan paper promises made to be broken. A spiritually minded pastor might well thank God that hard times have revealed our betrayers.

We must reserve judgment on the remarkable allegations made on Tuesday week in the Shipbuilding suit until Mr. Schwab shall have been heard in his own defence. As yet, only one side has been presented, in the matter either of the "bribing" of the company's officials, or of the Bethlehem Steel clique's interference in the affairs of the Shipbuilding Trust. Of the two, the second allegation, if confirmed, would in our opinion be the more serious. Mr. Nixon stated that Schwab's associate and counsel in the Bethlehem deal, Max Pam, had "marked off" $250,000 from the Shipbuilding Trust's assets, after including that sum in the statement to the Stock Exchange; that the Bethlehem Steel forced the other companies in the Trust to buy material from it at prices above the market, and that bids for two battleships prepared by Nixon, which would have got the contracts and earned a profit for the Shipbuilding Company, were altered by the ingenious Mr. Pam to figures which proved prohibitory. Mr. Nixon's evidence, in short, ran close to the inference of a conspiracy to ruin the Shipbuilding Trust and force it, at bankrupt prices, into the hands of the clique behind the Bethlehem Steel. This is a very serious charge—of such a nature that men with a keen sense of honor, if thus accused even by inference, would ordinarily insist upon an immediate opportunity to make public answer. Hence we must express our regret at the repeated postponements of the case, and the persistent rumors that neither Mr. Schwab nor Mr. Pam will be allowed to take the stand.

The announcement that the Pension Commissioner, Mr. Eugene F. Ware, has decided to resign his office, after a service of but little over a year and a half, is fresh proof that this is one of the most difficult offices to fill properly and keep filled. There is scarcely a position in the President's gift which requires such tact and courage, as well as the ability to stand a never-ending pounding from a portion of the public. "Corporal" Tanner's love for the veteran proved to be too intense, in the opinion of President Harrison, to enable him to hold the office for any length of time. With Commissioner Evans's gallant fight our readers are still familiar. The best testimonial to his fitness was the continual cannonade of the Grand Army and the spoilsmen, which finally led to the acceptance of his resignation by President Roosevelt and his transfer to London. Commissioner Ware was the President's own choice for the place, but, whether because of his sensitive poet's nature, which may have made it so difficult for him to endure newspaper criticism, or for some other reason, he has never seemed happy in office. Indeed, the announcement of his resignation states that, while not to take effect for a year, it is due "to long-felt dissatisfaction with the nature of the duties of his office." With the Grand Army clamoring for a service pension, irrespective of merit or necessity, it is well that the President has plenty of time to search for the rare man needed as Commissioner.

In the opinions of Republican Representatives, published by the *Evening Post* on Tuesday, on the question of disfranchising qualified negro voters in the Southern States, a gratifying unanimity is displayed. All who express themselves at all are of one mind on the injustice of the policy pursued in the South, and on the need of applying the most effective remedy attainable. This was to have been expected. Public defence of such undemocratic and inequitable measures is not possible. Men may privately apologize for them or glory in them; they may say that the objectors are "mere sentimentalists," or maintain that it is not feasible or good political tactics to raise the issue; but no man who professes to be of the party of Lincoln can openly advocate shutting the door of hope in the face of 10,000,000 American citizens. So far as the responses go, they indicate a rather surprising readiness to follow where any courageous party leader may point the way. Several causes have been quietly at work to effect this rousing of the dormant Republican conscience. Last summer's revelations of a new slavery—peonage—stirred the North visibly. Gorman's challenge on the race issue brought the blood to many a face. "I was against meddling with the question," one Congressman wrote us, "till Gorman spoke; but now I am for any law to check so insolent an outrage." It is for the Republican leaders to choose. They must see in current events upon how slippery a place the "stand-patters," like sinners, will find themselves standing next year. Is it not worth their while to try to revivify a great party by making it the champion of equal justice?

The Supreme Court of Alabama has done a notable act of justice to Peter Crenshaw, a negro, and to the men of his race, in confirming his right to the suffrage. Crenshaw, our readers will remember, is a veteran of the civil war, in possession of an honorable discharge from the Federal army. Yet for no other reason than that he was a negro politician the Board of Registrars of Limestone County refused to permit him to register, in flat violation of the Alabama Constitution, which gives the suffrage to any one who served honorably in the army and navy of the Union or the Confederacy. Crenshaw promptly availed himself of the Constitutional remedy, which was sustained in his contention for his rights by a jury of his white fellow-citizens. But this did not satisfy the spite of the Democratic politicians who desired to eliminate him from the politics of his county. They induced the State to appeal the case to the Supreme Court. The opinion of this tribunal is of very considerable importance, since it lays down the principle that there is no appeal from the decision of a jury in such a case, and that a voter given a certificate by twelve of his peers is forever free from interference by the higher courts. This decision will encourage negroes throughout the South to fight for their rights, and should make it correspondingly harder for prejudiced registrars to deprive qualified negroes of their rights under the existing constitutions.

More peonage revelations in various portions of the South must be opening the eyes of those editors who criticised us last spring for believing that the Alabama cases were other than sporadic and unparalleled happenings. Judge Emory Speer last week sentenced three well-known Georgians to pay fines of $1,000 in two cases of peonage, and there are two other indicted men. In Louisiana, also, peonage has been discovered in more than one place, and, most important of all, the United States Marshal who has been securing witnesses there has received a "warning" that the "white people do not propose to be annoyed by your kind of cattle." The part played by him in uncovering the species of slavery which has been flourishing in certain parishes makes it, he is informed, "necessary" for him to find a residence in some other State. In Montgomery, Ala., the case of a white peon has just come to light, although the State was supposed to have been purged of peonage months ago. In Mississippi, also, there are persistent rumors of the new slavery, and there have been cases reported from Tennessee and Texas. Undoubtedly, the shameful system of leasing convicts is responsible for the spread of the peonage idea. But the fact that the negroes were politically defenceless has made them an easy prey to their unscrupulous white neighbors. The one encouraging feature

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of the whole scandal is that the miscreants are being punished by white judges and juries.

The collapse of the Chicago street railway strike is a warning to "labor." The employees went into the struggle with high hopes; they came out of it defeated in every substantial contention. In many ways they were favored at the outset: they were fighting a corporation which is as unpopular as most street railways; they were backed by the sympathy of unionists in other trades; they were in a city where "labor" is strong politically, and where the mayor is sympathetic. Yet the storming of the cars by the strikers was such an outrageous piece of violence that Mayor Harrison could but order the police to do their duty. The outcome of the contest, however, was not owing so much to the action of the municipal authorities as to the condition of the labor market. The slackening in business is throwing men out of work; and the recent contemptuous refusal of anything but the highest pay and the easiest hours is changing into readiness to accept reasonable wages and fair terms. The lesson which this winter will teach in all our large cities will be bitter but wholesome. Capitalists are suffering from a falling market; and as surely as watered stock runs down hill, so surely must labor bear its share of loss. No combination of walking delegates, no federation of unions, no dynamite or bludgeon can force employers to carry on industry at a permanent loss; and the hour has come to remember that a feather in the hand is better than a bird in the air.

Whether the fighting in Jolo was necessary or not, the outbreak itself is significant. It was in Jolo, it will be remembered, that our soldier-diplomatists won their greatest renown. Gen. J. C. Bates's treaty was hailed as a sample of the kind of achievement in the interests of peace which our soldiers could compass, if only unfettered by foolish civilian administrators. After wearing these laurels with becoming modesty for a couple of years, Gen. Bates himself found that there were defects in his treaty—which, among other things, provided for the continuance of polygamy and slavery under the flag. Now Gen. Wood, after slaughtering hundreds of Moros at the cost of one soldier killed and a half-dozen wounded, announces that this entirely abrogates the Bates treaty. So it may. The pity of it is that here is fresh proof that we have got to keep on fighting in the Philippines. That fair dream of a far-distant people happily subject to our Congress and contentedly licking the Presidential hand that sends them a Taft or a Wright to preside over their destinies, has long since faded away. Every report of the Adjutant-General records the dead and wounded in the Philippines. Some of the regiments now arriving at San Francisco have on their rolls the names of many dead or discharged for wounds. Yet, when they went out, peace was supposed to be at hand. Worst of all, the great mass of Filipinos dislike Americans as bitterly as in 1899.

A certain capacity for folly in the professionally virtuous is illustrated in the recent activities of the Boston Watch and Ward Society. This body does the useful and necessary work of prosecuting purveyors of obscene literature. Recently it obtained a judgment against a publisher who had advertised a complete and unexpurgated 'Decameron,' emphasizing the occasional obscenity of that great work. Unhappily, the pornograph offered the moral defence that the 'Decameron' was on sale at the most reputable establishments; and the Watch and Ward people were foolish enough to order copies and enter charges against the best publishers and booksellers in Boston for circulating obscene literature. An unfortunate by-result was an artificial notoriety of Boccaccio's masterpiece and an enormous demand for it at the public libraries. If a great book is misused in Boston to-day, the Watch and Ward Sociey is certainly in part to blame. The incident shows lack of common sense quite as much as of culture. All that any such society can do is to prevent doubtful books—which happen also to be standard literature—from being advertised and spread broadcast by reason of their immorality. It should require no great discernment to perceive that the 'Decameron' actively circulated in boys' schools is obscene literature and actionable, while the same book quietly awaiting a purchaser is good literature and fit company for Dante and Shakspere.

Since M. Jaurès's revelations of last April and Gen. André's avowal of the forgeries of the General Staff in the Dreyfus case, it has been almost inevitable that the matter should be reopened. Naturally the revision which is now authorized by the Minister of Justice will take into account only the evidence that lay before the Rennes court-martial. The fact that an appeal is granted is proof that the prosecutors introduced other false testimony than the patent perjury of Gen. Mercier on that occasion. It may be assumed, too, that the revising authority will not reiterate so absurd a verdict as "guilty of treason, with mitigating circumstances." The confirmation of the earlier judgment would leave Dreyfus morally condemned without mitigating circumstances of any kind; the reversal of the military court would make him not a pardoned offender, but a vindicated martyr of French army corruption. The attempt will be made to keep the reopened *affaire* out of politics. Some success may meet this laudable effort, for none of the present Government was implicated in the various prosecutions, and the Anti-Dreyfus Nationalists have lost with votes most of their capacity for mischief-making. Still, it hardly seems possible that a matter about which so many evil passions have raged can be revived in judicial serenity of spirit.

The opening of the University of Munich to women is an event of considerable importance because a very conservative university goes over to the liberal practice of Heidelberg and Freiburg. Formerly they have been admitted to lectures on tolerance merely and at the caprice of individual professors. Lately, for example, a determined effort has been made to reduce the number of women students at Berlin. Similarly, in the rare instances in which women have received the Doctorate in Philosophy, there has been something exceptional in the award. Now German women are to be received at Munich on precisely the same terms as men, and unquestionably American women will get due credit for their work done and degrees received at home. This liberal step, which involves equally Erlangen and Würzburg, should have the effect of attracting towards Bavaria the now scattering foreign women students.

Serious anti-Austrian demonstrations have been made by the students at Rome; and throughout Italy the Irredentist feeling appears to be making head. It is felt that Italy has never been wholly freed from the Austrian yoke. To the east of the Adriatic, Dalmatia and Istria (Italian-speaking provinces) afford an outlet to the sea to the Dual Kingdom. Trieste intercepts the trade that used to go to Venice. Again, the province of Trent carries the Austrian dominion far down the southern slope of the Alps, separating the Venetian from the Lombard province. Thus the Irredentist agitation, though excessive in its more violent manifestations, is colorably justified in the main. Of course, the disorders at Rome are of themselves insignificant. They do show, however, the drift of Italian opinion, and indicate that Austria must make distinct effort to secure the friendship of Italy if the Triple Alliance is to remain more than a name. Concessions on the Adriatic, Austria cannot afford to make, but she could afford to cede the Trentino. Already the Italian legislators from that tiny province have made trouble enough to win virtual autonomy for their constituents. The possession of the Trentino, while a menace to Italy, is hardly a source of strength to Austria, and certainly not of wealth.

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A TREATY OF WAX.

What the Washington Administration thought, three weeks ago, of our treaty with Colombia is generally known. It was the document under the pretended authority of which Secretary Hay sent that sardonic notification to the Government at Bogotá—namely, that it was dismembered, and that it had given us the treaty right to prevent it from maintaining its sovereign rights. By some hocus-pocus, our guarantee of Colombian sovereignty on the Isthmus had become the means of its destruction there. We could not take sides against the revolutionists, nor allow the Colombians themselves to interfere. That was the official Washington interpretation of the treaty, on November 6, 1903. Yet the interpretation of the same treaty by the same Administration in September of 1902 was exactly the opposite. President Roosevelt not only reversed his predecessors; he reversed himself. The official dispatches of the State and Navy Departments in September of last year show this clearly.

But, first, it will be well to set forth briefly the historic view of our treaty with Colombia. Its origins are disclosed in the confidential correspondence accompanying its transmission to the Senate in 1847, from which the seal of secrecy has only now been removed. The American negotiator of the treaty, B. A. Bidlack, wrote from Bogotá to Secretary Buchanan:

> "I could not obtain these terms [favorable tariff rates] without consenting to guaranty the *integrity* and neutrality of the territory. . . . The guaranty extends only to the isthmus, and anything like a general alliance is carefully avoided."

In the confidential message of President Polk, much the same language was held. We extract two salient sentences:

> "The guaranty of the sovereignty of New Granada over the isthmus is a natural consequence of a guaranty of its neutrality, and there does not seem to be any other practicable mode of securing the neutrality of this territory. New Granada *would not consent to yield up* this province in order that it might become a neutral State; and if she should, it is not sufficiently populous or wealthy to establish and maintain an *independent sovereignty*."

Poor Polk! How far behind the times such belated notions make him appear! The advantages of a snug little tête-à-tête republic had not occurred to him.

This original understanding of our engagement "positively and efficaciously" to guarantee to Colombia her "rights of sovereignty and property" in the Isthmus of Panama has been consistently sustained by American Presidents and Secretaries of State down to the present year of grace. In 1865 Mr. Seward declared that the United States could not become "a party to any civil war in that country by *defending the Isthmus against another party*." Secretary Fish wrote in 1873 that our treaty obligation had "never been acknowledged to embrace the duty of protecting the road across it [the Isthmus] from the violence of local factions; but it is regarded as the undoubted duty of the Colombian Government to protect it against attacks from local insurgents." And in 1885 President Cleveland, describing the action of our forces on the Isthmus, in the insurrection of that day which gave rise to claims against Colombia not yet settled, said it was "always in aid of the sovereignty of Colombia."

So, as we have said, was the action of President Roosevelt last year. There was a revolution then. It was a real one—not a New York promoted affair—with real fighting. Admiral Casey telegraphed that it would have been a triumphant insurrection but for the presence of United States troops. "I firmly believe if our men were removed from shore the insurgents would be in Panama in forty-eight hours." But he was informed from the Navy Department that he must "overlook matters of minor importance," since "negotiations for the ship canal are at present at a standstill on account of a feeling of irritation on the part of the Colombian representative." Here we get the first glimmerings of the brilliant idea that a canal is a bigger thing than a treaty.

But the State Department was not idle. On September 11 it had a dispatch from our Minister at Bogotá reporting a request of the Minister of Foreign Affairs for the exercise of our good offices, as against the insurgents on the Isthmus. It was explained that the insurrection was delaying the "canal matter"—that everlasting canal! Thereupon Acting Secretary Adee informed the Secretary of the Navy that he had "communicated with the President," and had "received from the President a telegram *approving* of my suggestion as to intrusting such a mission to the commander of the *Cincinnati*." Accordingly, orders were duly issued, and the insurgents, before whom, Admiral Casey wrote, "Panama would fall an easy victim but for the restraining influence of our naval force here," were induced to make peace. In other words, one year ago the United States actually intervened to aid Colombia in restoring her sovereignty over the Isthmus.

To bring out the lightning change which came over our Government's interpretation of the treaty in only fourteen months, we have merely to put side by side two naval orders, one issued on September 20, 1902, the other on November 2, 1903. In the former, Secretary Moody telegraphed to the commander of the *Cincinnati* simply to prevent "the line of transit" from being converted into the "theatre of hostilities." He added: "Transportation of Government troops not in violation of treaty, and which will not endanger transit or provoke hostilities, may not be objectionable." Now turn to the dispatch of November 2, 1903 —*two days before* the cooked-up "revolution," of which our innocent Government knew nothing—and we find Admiral Glass ordered to "prevent landing of any armed force, either Government or insurgent, with hostile intent, *at any point within fifty miles of Panama*."

The case is absolutely clear. Mr. Roosevelt departed not only from the policy of foregoing Presidents, but from his own of a year before. The same treaty which in 1902 led him to aid Colombia, in 1903 compelled him to antagonize her. This is obviously to convert a treaty into a nose of wax. Into it the President seems to have been willing to read his passing and changing wishes. His one controlling desire appears to have been, not carefully to observe precedents and good faith, but at all hazards and under any pretence to "get that ditch."

THE POSTAL THIEVES.

Mr. Bristow's report on the postal investigation is one of the most sordid revelations ever made in a public document. He slides under the microscope a cross section of the Department, and shows us in a flash the tissue alive with squirming parasites—a group of public officers without conscience, conspiring with depraved citizens in schemes for plunder. Trusted employees were busy filching from the Treasury everything on which they could lay their fingers, down to a cent and a sixth on each money-order book. Their accessories in crime were often prominent manufacturers, men of standing in business, society, and politics, like ex-Congressman Edmund H. Driggs of Brooklyn and State Senator George E. Green of Binghamton. In this history, which gives the world its first clear idea of the extent of the frauds, there is not one tale of courage or audacity—nothing to lift the operations of the gang above those of the ordinary sneak thief, unless one excepts the brazen recklessness of Beavers and Machen, whose wholesale robberies rival what Burke called the consolidated corruption in the heroic times of Roman iniquity. One can find something admirable in the desperate bravery of Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin: though with misdirected energy, they at least led the strenuous life. But most of these postal officials never rose above the level of the housemaid who fibs and plots day after day for the sake of adding to her hoard a spoonful of sugar and a pinch of tea.

Among the twenty outsiders who are under indictment, Mr. Driggs and Senator Green are the most conspicuous. Both have loudly protested their innocence and begged for a suspension of public judgment until they should have a chance to defend themselves. But unless Mr. Bristow and the Government attorneys are the victims of mania, both

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statesmen should soon be wearing the stripes of a felon. Each case, as Mr. Bristow presents it, is absolutely plain. Congressman Driggs accepted a bribe of $12,500 to secure an order for 250 automatic cashiers, and part of this money has been traced to the bank account of Beavers. Green is deeply involved: as president of the company that makes the Bundy time recorder, he paid Beavers 10 per cent. on all sales made to the Department. He also bribed Beavers in order to get a contract for cancelling machines. There are checks showing various transfers of money from Green to Beavers; and when Green was asked by the grand jury for an explanation, he declined to answer, on the ground that he might incriminate himself. The methods of the other conspirators were much the same. They persuaded postal officials to order excessive quantities of supplies at exorbitant prices, and then shared the ill-gotten profits. H. J. Barrett, nephew of James N. Tyner, assistant attorney-general for the Department, added a touch of variety by obtaining from his uncle decisions allowing get-rich-quick and other swindles to use the mails. But from Driggs and Green down to Cupper, the paint contractor, all were diligently picking the pockets of Uncle Sam.

There is another group of rascals, whose names are withheld, and who are otherwise treated rather gingerly—Congressmen who intrigued with Beavers to secure for various favorites unwarranted and unlawful increases in salaries. One case, from a hundred or more, will serve as an example. A member of Congress recommended an increase in the allowance for clerk hire at Conyers, Ga., which was then $40 a year. The amount of mail handled would have entitled the office to $160, but when the Congressman called on Beavers personally he got $820; for a clerk whom he recommended. When the Congressman's favorite was transferred to another office, the allowance was reduced to $100, plain proof that the $720 was spent, not for the needs of the service, but for the payment of a Congressman's political debts. By such means Beavers made himself "solid" with the politicians of both parties, and held his place through thick and thin. The President surely speaks ironically when he says: "So highly were Messrs. Beavers and Machen thought of by those who had been brought into close connection with them, that the Congress actually provided at its last session for raising the salaries of both." In fact, so many members of Congress were morally, if not legally, *particeps criminis* that they had to strike hands in a general undertaking to reward their accomplices.

One of the big fish, Perry S. Heath, managed to slip through the meshes of Mr. Bristow's net. He still declares that he is an innocent man, pursued by malicious enemies; but it was under his administration that these frauds flourished; there is testimony, corroborated by circumstantial evidence, that he, or members of his family, received stock from at least two concerns with which the Department was doing business. Through the grace of the statute of limitations he escapes certain charges, and on others the district attorney regarded the evidence as insufficient. But he is saved as by fire. Under the circumstances the quicker the Republican National Committee turns him out of the secretaryship the better for the party.

Mr. Bristow's investigation has been thorough and fearless, and he deserves high honor. He expresses his thanks for the hearty coöperation of the President, First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne, and Assistant Attorney-General Robb. For obvious reasons he cannot thank the one man who should have supported him—Postmaster-General Payne. Indeed, when Mr. Bristow writes, "What the service most needs is honest, intelligent, and vigorous administration," he points out unerringly the glaring defects of Mr. Payne's management.

President Roosevelt's course is most creditable. He directed Mr. Bristow to spare neither high nor low, and in spite of frantic appeals for clemency he has unwaveringly backed the investigators. His memorandum on the subject is emphatic and sound: he will "exhaust every expedient" to see that "justice is meted out to the offenders." His attitude robs these shocking disclosures of much of their force as a political issue. Of course, many voters may argue that though the President's own hands are clean, the party is so deeply fouled that a complete purifying is needed. There will be general agreement that one man should go at once—Mr. Payne. To-day he stands revealed more clearly than ever as a miracle of incompetence. If the President will put in his place some man whose honesty and ability are unquestioned, he will strengthen incalculably both his Administration and his party. The investigation of which Mr. Payne wished to see the end is now completed; and the folly of the past can no longer be "urged as a reason for the insanity of the present and the future."

SENATE, PRESIDENT, AND HOUSE.

Great changes in the working of Governmental machinery often pass almost unperceived, in their beginnings. They are not heralded with a "Lo, here! Lo, there!" The Senate of the United States, for example, attained its present pitch of power with no blare of trumpets. Small successive increments did the business. Hence it is not surprising that a movement to clip the wings of Senatorial privilege should not have caught the popular attention as it ought. We refer, of course, to Speaker Cannon's resolute refusal to submit to the dictation of the Senate. Important in itself and for present purposes, it is vastly more important for what it portends. Mr. Cannon is apparently determined on a course which, if unflinchingly persisted in, will do much to restore the ancient prerogatives and repute of the House, will redress the balance of power as between it and an overweening Senate, and thus will have a powerful influence upon Congressional practice as well as upon Constitutional theory.

Readers of the press dispatches from Washington are familiar with what occurred. The Senate, in its usual complacent fashion, had arranged everything. Its committees had "decided" that there should be no vote on the Cuban bill before the middle of December, and that accordingly the extra session should adjourn on the eve of Thanksgiving. These lordly gentlemen never dreamed of consulting the House. What was it there for but to do as it was bid? The Speaker and the Committee on Rules were, to be sure, necessary officials, but the main object of their existence was, after all, to execute the orders of the Senate. So these particular orders were transmitted to Speaker Cannon; but that grim and square-jawed personage contemptuously flung them back in the Senate's face. Senators said that the special session should now adjourn, did they? Well, Congress would *not* adjourn, said the Speaker. Congress is made up of two houses; and he intimated that it was time for Senators to learn that "there are others."

In this opening battle of what promises to be a prolonged Constitutional struggle, we cannot think the President's part happily chosen. He has appeared not to know his own best friends. To the real enemies of his great office he has given a certain amount of aid and comfort. Of course, we understand that a President seeking a renomination is bound, in a party sense, to maintain that everything is for the best possible in the best possible of Governments. Accordingly, the humble pie which the Senate prepared for Mr. Roosevelt he could but eat with true Thanksgiving relish. So we had on Thursday the inspired announcement that the President was not at all disappointed at the failure of Congress to do as he asked. Everything was coming out just as he expected, and exactly to his mind. If this is simply the customary official optimism at which all the world smiles, it may pass; but if it implies that President Roosevelt is not alive to the real nature of the impending conflict, the pity of it is great.

For the Senate has been steadily working to reduce the President as well as the House to a nullity. President and House, therefore, should feel themselves natural allies in this fight. They should jointly put their names to a document like this: "Resolved, That the power of the Senate has increased, is increasing,

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and ought to be diminished." The weapon which the Senate uses in attacking the House is its own inability to legislate except by unanimous consent. With ninety chartered libertines to block bills in regard to which they have not been "squared," the Senatorial conferees have been in the habit of compelling the House to give way and accept Senate amendments, as Senator Lodge says, "without a change even in punctuation." Assuming thus to be all-powerful in the making of laws, the Senate goes on to assert control over the framing of treaties and the filling of offices. Thus it strikes both ways. It would make of the President merely a clerk. The House it would degrade to the position of amanuensis to the Senate.

It was high time some one should lift a hand against these swollen privileges. Speaker Cannon deserves both thanks and support. If the President will not join forces with him, the intelligence of the country should. We take it that this is no chance act of Mr. Cannon's. He has enlisted for the whole war. Congressman McCall's article in the *Atlantic* foreshadowed what was to come. The surest road to a reform of the Senate lies through a strong assertion of the rights and dignities of the House. Senators are, for example, pottering over some amendment of their rules—those rules how not to do business. But revision may come speedily by way of "Uncle Joe's" obstinacy. When an issue is made between the two houses, and Senators resort to the usual argument that they have no rules such as the House has to shut off filibustering debate, the Speaker may say to them, "Adopt such rules, then." If you persist and say, "But we cannot, and you will force an extra session if you keep on," Mr. Cannon may rejoin, "Extra session let it be. That will give the people an opportunity to judge between you and me, between the Senate and House."

Brought sharply up to this alternative, there can be little doubt what the Senate would do. It would mend both its rules and its manners. If it did not, it would hear from the country something unpleasantly like, "Mend it, or end it."

THE PASSING OF "INTEGRATION."

The last two years have witnessed the shipwreck of many a fine financial theory. Aerial navigation is, in fact, no nearer attainment in Wall Street than in the Bois de Boulogne. In neither place can the dirigible balloon be constructed out of such stuff as dreams are made of. Recent industrial developments show this, and are bringing into contempt the most ambitious and far-reaching of our latter-day economic doctrines—that of the "integration of industry."

This phrase is, in a large sense, the antithesis of the time-honored expression, "specialization of industry"; and so means nothing less than the counteraction of a tendency which has operated in industrial affairs from the beginning of human effort. Integration of industry does not strike necessarily at the very letter of the law of the division of labor, but it certainly runs counter to its spirit. That law signifies diversity in unity, whereas integration means unity in diversity. In other words, under the old policy the main thing was an ever-increasing differentiation of industrial effort, the unification of results being left to natural law to work out. Under the new, the chief feature is a conscious human effort to coördinate a vast number of hitherto conflicting industrial elements, and to bring them under common control. But the new departure was purely fortuitous. It was not an evolution; neither was it a suddenly devised scheme to meet a great and unexpected change in the basic conditions of industry. It was just the application of *à priori* notions to the financial and industrial situation. Nor was integration one of those movements which break out simultaneously in widely scattered localities. Its origin is easily traced to Wall Street, and to a mere handful of individuals even there.

There was a fair presumption at the start that the integration argument contained a fallacy, but in many minds this was felt rather than perceived. Most persons were disposed to suspend judgment till they saw how the experiment would turn out. It is safe to say, however, that they have waited long enough, and are now ready to express their minds forcibly. The experiment was tried on a pretty extensive scale, and seems to have broken down at about every point. A chain of industries was formed, the work of integration was begun, the principle of making one hand wash the other was strictly applied, and for a time the new theory was triumphant. But the fact is, a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and this particular chain contained a number of links that were very weak indeed.

Steel was easily king when it came to the integration of industry. Combine a great number of already overcapitalized companies into one corporation of almost unthinkable magnitude, and add some hundreds of millions of new capitalization. Then buy up—or think you do—all the sources of the raw material at any price which the owners may take a fancy of naming. Incidentally, of course, you must own railroads and lake transportation lines. Next you must buy up all the ocean steamers that are for sale anywhere in the world, without regard to their age or fitness for modern conditions, paying three prices for them. If, finally, you can identify yourself with the various construction companies, so much the better. The beauty of the scheme is —in theory—that if one branch of the business goes back on you, the others will pull you through. But, unfortunately, in this most signal instance the theory has failed to work.

There has been integration within integration. The United States Steel Corporation was an integration, but was itself integrated with nobody knows yet how many other projects. The sources of the raw material were coördinated with the transportation companies and with the crude manufactured products, and through other stages with the finished commodities. But this beautiful scheme was like Hawthorne's railroad to the Celestial City—it ended on this side of the river. There was one fatal defect—the consumer was not also integrated. He seemed to have been at the start, but we now see that it was a mistake. Even the contemplated integration—that which was going to insure such a community of interest between the Steel Trust and the Shipping Trust and the great railroads and, it is stated, certain large contracting companies, not to mention important money-market interests—has also apparently broken down. Probably the real explanation is that every step in this integration upon integration was marked by rash extravagance. Every detail was apparently overcapitalized. The boasted "economies of management" seem all to have gone to the promoters. It is stating the case very mildly to say that it is hard to see how the situation could be any worse if all the factors of this huge integration had been left to work out their own salvation, governed only by what Adam Smith calls the "higgling and bargaining of the market." Integration shrewdly managed may be a good thing, though even so it cannot be a magician's wand to make profits where none exist in natural conditions. Managed as we have seen it, however, with lavish overcapitalization and reckless discounting of the future, "integration" looks to-day very much as if it were spelled "disintegration."

STYLE AND STATECRAFT.

That accomplished woman who chooses to be known as "Vernon Lee," suggests in the *Contemporary Review* a new method of criticism. Assuming that the style of a writer betrays inevitably his personality, she argues that syntax in the last analysis is psychology, and she applies to Thomas De Quincey an analysis as searching as ever one of Gildersleeve's pupils devoted to an Attic orator. Her results show that De Quincey's moral flabbiness reveals itself most distinctly in his use of verbs. Dissecting one of the finest passages of 'The Opium Eater,' she finds that the verbs, adverbs, and active participles are as one to four against all the other parts of speech (50 in 200 words). More significantly yet, the fa-

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mous passage would fairly stand complete though bereft of its verbs:

"The verbs are for the most part verbs of existence or of mere explanation. Whatever they are—'was,' 'ascribe,' 'begun,' 'call it' (in the sense of naming), 'found,' 'learned,' etc., etc.—they serve only to bind the nouns and adjectives into logical sentences, but do not bring much sense of action into the passage. Most of them, moreover, might be replaced by equally indeterminate words without altering the total effect."

The conclusion of the whole matter is that De Quincey's undoubted eloquence is that of the noun and adjective. His appeal is to the eye; his grasp of the world of action the fumbling of a moral incompetent—and of a superb dreamer.

"Vernon Lee" will tell us later how it stands with the verbs of Stevenson and De Foe. Meanwhile, it seems to us that the test may have utility outside the garden plot of belles-lettres. Why accept hearsay and the plaudits of the vulgar on our great men, when we have their verbs as an infallible criterion of their moral status? In this confidence we have been at the pains to examine the verbs in the first two paragraphs (about 520 words) of 'The Strenuous Life,' taking so large an extract to avoid the risk of hitting upon an exceptional lapidary period. Without pointing the literary contrast between De Quincey and Mr. Roosevelt—though that would be a pleasing task for the special student—suffice it to say that the President's style has an excellent underpinning of strong verbs. We count sixty-nine out of five hundred and twenty total words, and of the verbs only thirteen may fairly be dismissed as negligible. What may be called the category of effort requires sixteen verbs—among them help, demand, win (several instances), work (ditto), strive (ditto), help, try, succeed, get; and, naturally, the opposites, shrink and fail. Next to action, exhortation is prominent; speak, teach, preach, are present in six cases. Beyond this, the miscellaneous verbs only bear out the same stalwart quality, and of the six adverbs, even, the notable ones are: preëminently, distinctly, and ultimately—right absolute words.

Believing that knowledge of Senator Hanna's inmost nature and intentions would be more precious than rubies to the political forecaster, we have likewise analyzed an equal portion of his works. Here the difficulty is met that Mr. Hanna is not a "literary feller." But in choosing the peroration of his ship-subsidy speech before the Senate, March 6, 1902, we feel that we have caught the orator's authentic note. In some 525 words the junior Senator from Ohio shows some slight inferiority to his chief—sixty verbs against sixty-nine. In their choice, however, the difference is much more striking. Nearly one-half (twenty-five, to be exact) must be classed as colorless words of existence and the like. The category of effort and strife is pitifully small. Yet the inference that Senator Hanna is temperamentally akin to De Quincey—is addicted to opium, lacks moral stability—would be premature. Good intellectual words (understand, know, realize, think), conciliating verbs (propose, induce, invest), are present in force. Observe, too, Mr. Hanna's nine adverbs, compared with the President's six: merely, quickly (three times), regularly, satisfactorily are the qualificatatives that indicate an ingratiating attitude towards the Senate and the world. Without setting up as an arbiter of styles, we believe that Senator Hanna's verbs are none the less formidable because less aggressive than Mr. Roosevelt's.

We have shrunk from applying the statistical yardstick to anything so precious as Senator Beveridge's diction. And yet our temerity has been rewarded by discovering that his large utterance is the ideal union of the qualities of De Quincey and Roosevelt. In sheer copiousness of verbs, Beveridge lies between the opium-eater and the apostle of the strenuous life. Nearly eighty in five hundred words is the proportion; of these eighty, fifty are colorless verbs, such as De Quincey used, but the remainder is more inspiring than even the President's list. Retreat, proceed, pant, desert, throttling, administering—it is a perfect trumpet-call to excursions and alarums. And the adjectives are a soul-stirring lot—virile, unwasted, masterful, mighty, divine, imperishable, undying, infinite, golden. In respect of the nouns, De Quincey in the glamour of his opium visions never arrayed them so opulently. Civilization, glory, opportunity, Agincourt, Waterloo, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, India, Egypt, mummy of the nations, Pharaohs, duty, fame, profit—are only a few of these truly orbed words. This style lacks only a minor perfection—the diplomatic adverbs of Mr. Hanna. In general, it fuses indissolubly the sturdy frankness of Mr. Roosevelt with the insinuating, visual suggestiveness of De Quincey. It need hardly be said that we have been studying Mr. Beveridge's epoch-making speech of February, 1899, "The Republic That Never Retreats."

Here, too, one must guard against over-rapid inferences, such as that Beveridge may be President if he will only not eat opium or abuse his impressionistic vocabulary. But the investigation seems to prove at least that the stylistic supremacy of the President is open to grave doubt; that a lapse into the non-heroic would make Mr. Hanna a most formidable candidate; while the addition of a certain Oriental sensuousness to our present robust ideals would make Mr. Beveridge the very man of destiny. Such at least is the verdict of the verbs.

FIELDING.

Shortly after Henry Fielding returned to London from Leyden, where he had been studying law for two years, a distinguished Frenchman arrived in England on the Earl of Chesterfield's yacht. This was Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, who, during a residence of two years in the country, made some observations on the people that have never been succcessfully discredited. Among other unflattering things, he said that

"An ordinary Englishman must have a good dinner, a woman, and comfort. So long as he has the means of getting these, he is contented; if these means fail him, he either commits suicide or turns thief. All classes are corrupt. Honour and virtue are held in small esteem. There is no religion in England. If one speaks of religion, every one laughs."

Thus, without compunction, plainly and precisely, an enlightened foreigner described the society which Fielding began to write about at the age of twenty-one, upon which during twenty-five years, as dramatist, journalist, novelist, he lavished a frequently ribald ridicule and a constant rather splendid sort of scorn. By portraying his ordinary countrymen (some of whose habits were too notoriously his own), this extraordinary Englishman made for himself an uncertain living, poor at best, yet not dull, very great fame as a writer, and an almost correspondingly bad reputation as a man. He treated his material with the freedom and independence of a great humorist, and part of his reward has been identification with the baseness and corruption that he satirized. He drew many characters of a shining yet not superhuman virtue; he clearly perceived and sincerely loved real goodness; he continually proclaimed that human nature was his book, and his field the manners of many men. Yet, along with his fame, has been passed from generation to generation an impression that it rests on the description of his own vicious life and the shameless exposure of his own black heart.

This personal disparagement began in his own time. Richardson, who hated him (with cause), grieved for the "lowness" of a man who had so much talent, belonged to a great family, and had such nice sisters. He would not read 'Tom Jones,' but believed that the author wrote the "coarse-titled" book to fill his pockets, and "to whiten a vicious Character and make Morality bend to his Practices." Dr. Johnson, expressing for once (we think inopportunely) a popular opinion, "would not sit with Fielding." Smollett, whose own work is so chaste and discreet, reviled him, and Horace Walpole delighted to repeat evil gossip, spicing it with his natural malice. Through most of the nineteenth century, Henry Fielding (now absolutely identified with 'Tom Jones') existed under the grand tabu; and those who felt they must record a tribute to his literary achievement, let it be clearly understood that they knew well he was a shocking fellow and a sorry scoundrel.

The eloquence of Thackeray's appreciation is marred by sighs and groans, and a generally missyish attitude towards a scandalous rake who had had the luck to write in a time when it was possible to depict himself. Twenty years ago, Mr. Austin Dobson gallantly broke a lance in defence

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of Fielding's character; but, as late as 1892, so tolerant and humorous a writer as Mr. Augustine Birrell declared that the "very name Henry Fielding" rings in the true tradition of the eighteenth century—the tradition that the proper place for a novelist was "either the pot or the sponging-house"; that he ought to be "either disguised in liquor or confined for debt." Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Leslie Stephen have striven to discredit the assumption that a man must be depraved because he wrote a good deal about rakes and blackguards of both sexes, and because he is known to have been pretty steadily in debt and sometimes drunk; and now, introducing to the twentieth century an *édition de luxe* (that of the house of Croscup & Sterling Co.), comes the late Mr. Henley, eager, injudicious, extravagant, in his wish to remove every stigma from the man whose work has such an important place in our literature. His partisanship hurts the case. Contemporary criticism was not wholly instigated by envy and malice, nor nineteenth-century disparagement by prudery. Richardson and Dr. Johnson at least did sincerely believe that this young man, who belonged by birth to the world of fashion, and by nature to the world of letters, had the vices of both and the virtues of neither. And the reappearance of a Puritan spirit in England during the Victorian era offers some guarantee of the good faith of prevailing disapprobation.

In considering 'Jonathan Wild,' Mr. Henley says "it is a tremendous achievement in pure irony; and for this reason it is isolated in English letters. It is given to few to love irony for its own sake." He might have suggested as one of the reasons for his author's bad reputation that it is also given to few to understand irony, and that many of Fielding's severest reproofs of vice have been taken for indecent approbation or callous indifference. Undoubtedly he has suffered much from the dulness of the human understanding and the self-protecting impulse of human egotism. The number that can distinguish between natural virtue and formal morality, or, distinguishing, more highly honor the former, is not great; and nobody ever heard his own faults censured without rushing for extenuation to the "thou-too" argument.

The facts that can be arrayed either for or against Fielding are insignificant, and that which testifies for him most favorably is his marriage to the love of his youth, the beautiful Miss Cradock of Salisbury, and their mutual devotion, tried by years of poverty, the loss of children, and her protracted illness. 'Tom Jones' was written in the years between her death and his second marriage. As he believed his work would long survive him, he wished her name to be linked with his, and explicitly declares that she was the original of Sophia Western. Of 'Amelia' she is the whole inspiration, and it is not going too far to suppose that both books were deliberately intended to celebrate her beauty, charm, and virtue—a tribute to a woman who had forgiven much because she loved much.

Mr. Henley says little about the "four great books," because everything has been said already. His comments on the Plays and Miscellanies may lead people to examine them. Of the 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon' he says: "In every sentence is stamped the utterance of a humane, stately, and honorable gentleman." This is one of his extravagances, but any one who wishes sincerely to get away from the "pot and sponging-house" tradition had better read the 'Journey' and the Preface to the Miscellanies and perhaps one or two of the papers on public affairs which were written by Fielding in his quality of justice of the peace for Westminster. Then he may bring an opener mind to the "four great books"; may be able to perceive a man instinctively truthful and, therefore, however imperfect, never ignoble; may come to think with Mr. Henley that, in achieving these books, "a master of life, a master of character, a master of style did so nobly by his nation and his mother-tongue that he that would praise our splendid, all-comprehending speech aright, has said the best he can of it when he says that it is the speech of Shakspere and Fielding."

WESTERN SICILY.

PALERMO, October, 1903.

Though Sicily has within the last fifteen years become one of the regular tourist resorts of Europe, where hotels have multiplied, where Englishmen are counted by hundreds and Germans by thousands, it is not yet largely visited by Americans, for it lies a little off the frequented routes, and is naturally omitted by those who have only three or four months to give to their round of western and southern Europe. Some notes upon the more interesting points it presents may therefore be of interest, not merely to those who do not know the Mediterranean countries at all, but even to those who are familiar with Rome and Venice and the cities of Tuscany.

Small as Sicily is, each part of it—one might almost say every one of its principal cities—has a special and characteristic interest. To the student of ancient classical history, no spot is so attractive as Syracuse, for no event in ancient history, except the great Persian war in the beginning of the fifth century B. C., is so momentous or so dramatic as the Athenian expedition against Syracuse at the end of that same century, which has been described by Thucydides in a narrative whose condensed and tragic power is without a parallel in historical writing. The student of Greek art finds his chief attraction in the city which one is more apt to call by its Greek name of Akragas, than by its Roman name Agrigentum or its modern name of Girgenti. The mediæval history of the island concentrates itself in Palermo, where also are to be seen the finest monuments of its mediæval art. The geologist is, of course, drawn to Catania, because it is the best point for the study of the volcanic phenomena for which Sicily has long been famous, since it lies at the very foot of Ætna, and has been over and over again devastated by lava streams.

The western corner of the island is the least visited by travellers, and has no single place of first-rate importance to the devotee either of art or of science. But to the historical inquirer it has the profound interest of being the region in which the contending forces that strove for Sicily during many generations fought their longest and hardest fight. It was the battle-ground of the Semites and the Hellenes for three centuries, as it was afterwards of Rome and Carthage during the first and second Punic wars. And a thousand years later, when the Semites, now Mussulmans, were in the midst of their great advance against the Romano-Hellenic civilization of the Roman Empire, it was upon this part of Sicily that the first brunt of the Arab invasion from Africa fell. Few parts of the world have seen more slaughter by sea as well as by land than these western coasts of Sicily; and though we have no records, or very scanty records, of most of the battles and sieges, strong flashes of light fall now and then upon particular spots.

Five of these spots stand out as specially significant. One is the lofty hill fortress of Eryx, now Monte San Giuliano, above the town of Trapani. Another is the Greek city of Selinus, on the south coast, now long since a mass of ruins, near Castelvetrano. A third is the Elymian city of Egesta—in Roman times Segesta—near the modern town of Calatafimi. A fourth is the Phœnician island mart and fort of Motye; and the fifth is also Phœnician, the fortress of Lilybæum, built by the Carthaginians. It is to-day the thriving seaport of Marsala, whose Arab name recalls the fact that it was one of the strongholds of the Arab emirs who held Sicily for two centuries till the Normans drove them out. Its wine is famous; it is indeed the chief emporium of the Sicilian wine trade. Of these two last I shall not speak, because they show few traces of their ancient importance, and occupy sites less striking than the three first mentioned.

Eryx stands on the top of a mountain of limestone, 2,600 feet high, which rises immediately from the sea in the extreme northwest of Sicily. It commands a magnificent view, which in clear weather includes not only the isle of Pantellaria, but the mountains behind Cape Bon in the territory of Tunis. The slopes, everywhere steep, are in places precipitous. At the end of the hill a detached rock stands out, whose flat top is some three or four acres in extent, while its sides are sheer cliffs, and only one very narrow causeway connects it with the main hill. On this rock, which was the acropolis or citadel of the town, stood the famous shrine of a native goddess whom the Phœnicians identified with their Ashtoreth and the Greeks with their Aphrodite. All the peoples of Sicily worshipped her, as did the Romans when they came. She is the (Venus) *Erycina ridens* of Horace. Her temple, rich with countless gifts, was protected as well by its sanctity as by the strength of its position. The city is the oldest we know of in the island. It belonged to a people called the Elymi, who said, like the Romans in later days, that they were descended from the Trojans. They were too few to count for much in the strife of the great powers, Syracuse, Carthage, and Rome, that contended for Sicily. But the natural strength of their fortress, touching the sea at its haven of Drepana beneath, and commanding the west of the island, made Eryx a point of immense strategical importance. No city was more frequently besieged, none proved more difficult to capture. In the first Punic war, Hamilcar Barca, the father of Hannibal, held it for Carthage when she had lost all else in Sicily except Lilybæum, though even he, while master of the city, was unable to dislodge a small Roman garrison

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from the impregnable Acropolis. It is associated with many a famous name. Dionysius the Elder took it. Pyrrhus stormed it. So did Roger, the first Norman king of Sicily; and the story goes that, in the heat of the attack on the Arabs, he saw St. Julian appear to help him—whence the town has come to bear the saint's name. The last hero on whom it has looked down was Garibaldi, who landed at Marsala a few miles to the south in 1860 to begin his famous march of liberation. To-day the city is falling—indeed has fallen—into decay. Its military value has vanished. There are still nearly three thousand inhabitants left, but one wonders that there are any, for there is nothing to do on this bare mass of limestone high up among the clouds, nothing except to tend the few goats that browse among the stones. So the people are departing. Some quarters have fallen entirely to ruin; in the others most of the houses, solid stone houses four or five centuries old, stand tenantless. Of the famous temple nothing remains except a water cistern and two or three large stones at the base of the encircling wall. A good deal of the city wall has, however, survived, and the great blocks in the lower courses seem to show Carthaginian work; they are at any rate pre-Roman. Marks which some read as Punic inscriptions are visible upon a few. In another half-century Monte San Giuliano will, if not deserted, have shrunk to a handful of people.

It has, however, outlived by many centuries as a dwelling-place of man the two other cities that remain to be described. Egesta, or Segesta as it was called in Roman times, was also a town of the Elymians, and stood inland from Eryx about ten miles as the crow flies, some three miles from the modern town of Calatafimi, and six miles from the sea at Castellamare, where it had its port. These primitive Elymians were, however, no seafaring people like the Phœnicians and Greeks, who settled beside them and became formidable neighbors. Their town is a hill fortress, covering a ridge whose top is about 1,000 feet above the sea, and 400 above the River Gaggera—a mere trickle in summer, but sometimes a torrent in winter. On the east, limestone cliffs make an almost complete natural defence; on the west the slope is steep, but a line of wall was needed to protect the town. The place is now entirely desolate, with one house only—that in which the Italian Government has placed the guardian of the ruins. Of the city and the walls scarcely anything remains, though the outline of the defences, with the foundations of a gate and those of a small temple, may be discerned. But outside the walls, on a low neighboring hill, stands a temple, not very large, but singularly dignified in its severe and simple Doric style. Its purely Greek character shows that this originally barbarian people had become Hellenized, at least to the extent of appropriating Hellenic forms; and this at an early period, for the work seems to be of the fifth century B. C. The columns are nearly perfect, but there is no interior; evidently the temple was never finished. It is a mere shell, yet beautiful, for it is rich in tone and stately in its lines. Within the walls, and crowning the northern summit of the hill (now called Monte Barbaro), is a Greek theatre, with its seats and gangways, which are still perfect, cut for the most part out of the hard limestone rock. It could hold 3,000 persons. With their faces turned towards the sea, which is framed in noble mountains, the spectators enjoyed one of the most beautiful views in Sicily.

Though neither of these remains is in itself of the first magnitude, their setting and the absolute silence and solitude that surround them make them singularly impressive, not unworthy of a city which at one point of its life affected the history of the world. When the Carthaginians controlled the northwestern coast of Sicily, and the Greek city of Selinus, planted on the shore, some twenty miles to the south, had grown powerful, Segesta found herself in danger. She feared to deliver herself wholly into the hands of Carthage, and yet she was unable to contend on equal terms with the Selinuntines, who were driving her from lands that lay along the frontier of their respective territories. When Carthage seemed unwilling to intervene, she turned to the Athenians, who had from time to time been meddling, in their spirit of restless Imperialism, with these far-western regions, where they had really no business at all, and over which, with all their strength, they were not strong enough to maintain a dominion. The Athenians, seduced by the dream of adding Sicily and perhaps ultimately Carthage, to their maritime empire, and pressed by a similar appeal from the people of Leontini, which was threatened by Syracuse, fitted out the greatest expedition that had ever quitted a Greek port, and sent it to Sicily. Its destruction there was the deathblow to Athens. She struggled on, but ultimately succumbed to the Peloponnesians; and never again recovered either the strength or the prestige of Periclean days. But for the fatal persuasions of Segesta, she might have overcome Sparta, maintained her Ægean Empire, resisted Philip of Macedon, and given a different direction to the current of events in the Mediterranean world.

Segesta had gained nothing by her invocation of Athenian help, and a few years later, when Selinus was again pressing her hard, she made a fresh appeal to Carthage. This time the great African power hearkened, thinking the moment a good one for extending her dominions in Sicily. An immense force was dispatched against Selinus. The Greeks of that city were rich and prosperous, but they had allowed their walls to get out of repair, and their Dorian brethren at Syracuse and Akragas were dilatory in coming to their help. The Campanian and Spanish mercenaries in the Carthaginian army stormed the city, and, after a gallant resistance kept up for days in the narrow streets, Selinus was sacked, the men slaughtered, the women and children sold into slavery. The walls were demolished, and though several times in later days small groups of people established themselves in the ruins, the city disappeared from the roll of Greek commonwealths. It is now, and has been for many hundreds of years, a mass of ruins, covering a ridge which abuts on the sea between the haven of the city on the east and the mouth of a stream on the west. The lines of the citadel walls and the foundations of some temples are visible. But far more striking than anything inside the city are the remains of three temples which stand outside on a hill to the east, and one at least of which was in course of erection when the city perished. This gigantic building seems to have been destroyed by an earthquake, probably in Roman times. It must have been as large as, if not larger than, any existing Greek temple. Its fallen columns, pediments, and architraves, wildly tumbled over one another, resemble one of those tremendous rock-falls which may be seen in the Alps rather than any work of human hands. It is hard to believe, when one gazes at this evidence of the wealth and public spirit and patriotic pride in their town of the old Selinuntines, that their territory was probably only some thirty miles in circumference, and that the free male citizens were probably not more than twenty thousand in number. The community that conceived and executed such a majestic group of works as these three temples on the hill deserved a better fate than to be thus blotted out forever by a barbarian foe. Yet these catastrophes were common in the ancient world. When Segesta offended the tyrant Agathocles of Syracuse, he seized ten thousand citizens and butchered them in cold blood on the banks of their river, just as Abdul Hamid, keeping himself more adroitly in the background, massacred his Armenian subjects in 1895.

No ruins, not even those of Egypt, give a greater impression of a remote antiquity, totally disconnected from our modern world, than do these majestic relics of the Greek city and her Elymian neighbor. The Roman work which one sees in Italy, France, and Spain seems near to us, because there is no break in the historic chain of influences and institutions which links Rome to contemporary Europe. But between us and the old Hellenes of Sicily there seem to be no such links. Rome comes in and breaks the continuity; the Arab conquest breaks it a second time. Partly, perhaps, in this remoteness, in this sense of the far-off brightness and joy (followed by the blackest gloom) that once lit up this now silent shore, lies the infinite pathos of the uncovered ramparts and fallen temples of Selinus.

Correspondence.

THE *NATION'S* JUBILEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I beg to express to you my cordial felicitations on the occasion of your excellent review's 2,000th-number jubilee.

Yours faithfully, CLAES ANNERSTEDT,
Librarian of the Royal University.

UPSALA, November 11, 1903.

[Felicitations from such a source are excusably made public. We return our thanks to the distinguished historian of the ancient University of Sweden.—ED. NATION.]

"CONVEY" THE WISE IT CALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the testimony given, by those seemingly conversant with the facts at the official inquiry into the birth, life, death, and destruction of the United States Shipbuilding Company, I venture to think that a new word can now properly be coined, to more fittingly describe the *modus*

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operandi by which this "North Sea Bubble" and other like watered combinations have or may be blown, bought, and "busted."

I submit, with confidence, the word *Schwab* (n.), *To Schwab* (v.), *Schwabbed* (p. p.).—Respectfully,

THOS. W. HEATLEY.

CLEVELAND, O., November 27, 1903.

THE "NEW" CRIME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have the volumes of *Frank Leslie's Weekly* for the years 1861-1866. I happened lately to refer to the 1864 volume, when I noticed an item on page 355, headed, "Southern": "In Ware County, Ga., on January 24, a negro was burned to death for an assault on a white woman."

I looked through the other volumes and found in that for 1866, page 403: "The negro who committed a diabolical murder of a white girl and boy in Union County, Arkansas, was followed and arrested. After the proper examination, he was burned to death." F. P.

Notes.

'Dollars and Democracy,' announced for publication in the spring by D. Appleton & Co., will sum up Sir Philip Burne-Jones's impressions of American social and political life during his recent sojourn in this country. Sixty full-page drawings of the author's will illustrate the volume. At the same date will appear 'How to Know the Oriental Rugs,' by Mary E. Langton.

Shortly forthcoming from the Oxford University Press are the third series of Dr. E. Moore's 'Studies in Dante'; 'Horace for English Readers,' in a prose rendering by Dean Wickham; and two additions to the Oxford Miniature Poets series, viz., Keats's poems, and Shakspere's works in three volumes, all on Oxford India paper.

Under the somewhat fantastic title of the "Library of Noble Authors," the Chiswick Press is sending out a series of notable reprints of English classics (New York: Scott-Thaw Company). The form chosen is that of a small folio with rough edges. The paper used is of a beautiful, apparently hand-made linen. The type is large and generous, suggesting the early days of printing, but not sacrificing anything of clearness to a slavish imitation. The margins are broad, furnished with copious side-headings in red italics. The binding is a modest drab muslin. Altogether the volumes are a joy to handle, and in these days of "cheap and nasty" bookmaking they should be welcomed as a contribution to that sentiment of affection for the great books of our literature which seems in danger of extinction. We have before us Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia.' The text is made up first of a reprint from the second edition of Ralph Robynson's translation in 1556, then of the Life of More by William Roper, and finally of thirteen letters, mostly to or from Margaret Roper. The text of the Life was prepared by Mr. George Sampson from four manuscripts in the British Museum. The letters have been taken from Rastell's folio of More's English works. Whatever idea the publishers may have had in mind in using the phrase "noble authors," certainly the chief impression of all the material here collected is of a rare nobility in character and feeling.

'Three Masques by Ben Jonson: of Oberon, of Blackness, and of Beauty,' is a handsome quarto reprint, vellum-bound with tie-bands. The publisher, Mr. Robert Grier Cooke, has chosen a distinctive fount of type, thin but evenly black, and without serifs. For comfortable reading it is too large and loose, but it is very decorative, especially when employed with the smaller fount. The absence of headlines seems to us a defect, but opinions will differ as to this point. The paper is the best; the single illustration a facsimile of Houbraken's portrait of Jonson. Of the rubricated editions one hundred and twenty-six are offered. Twenty-six have illuminated title-pages and initials. Mr. Bamburgh's practice of this art is intelligent. His letters suit the page, and, if not elaborate, are of workmanlike execution. Many will doubt, however, if hand illumination is the proper adornment for a printed book. The early examples simply show that printing had not struck its gait. All in all, taste and care have presided over this pretty edition of the Masques. It should not be confused with the many routine imitations of the Kelmscott printing.

Turgeneff has become, like Balzac and Victor Hugo, an English classic, to be enthroned in library editions. Following close upon the translation by Mrs. Garnett, published by Heinemann, comes a new version by Miss Hapgood, printed at the De Vinne Press for the Scribners, of which four volumes have reached us. In external features this American edition is certainly superior to its English predecessor. Paper, presswork, and binding are all admirable for books intended to be artistic yet not inaccessible. Whether the new edition is superior also in the weightier matters of the law, we must for a little while postpone judgment.

'Barbizon Days,' by Charles Sprague Smith, which we reviewed a year ago, is reissued by its publishers, A. Wessels Co., apparently from the same plates, and with no other change than that of the date on the title-page, except that a tint has been printed under the cuts, there is a little freer use of red ink, and the cover design is new. It bears no intimation that this is a second edition, or other than a new book.

The plates, photogravure and other, make Mrs. Meynell's 'Children of the Old Masters: Italian School' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) an acceptable gift book. There are ten photogravures and some forty-odd half-tone plates, and they give a fair survey of the treatment of children in Italian art for some three hundred years and in a number of different schools. Mrs. Meynell is concerned only with the figures as representations of childhood, and from that point of view is right in condemning much that is very beautiful in other ways. She is not bound to explain that Raphael is composing decorative arrangements of line, and uses his baby figures as freely for this purpose as he would any other ornamental form, though she does hint at it. As babies, she pronounces those of the early Tuscan sculptors most satisfactory, and, after them, those of the Venetian painters. It is not till one reaches the decline of art, with Bronzino and the portrait painters, that she finds the Florentine painters doing justice to the characteristic attitudes of childhood, and forgetting to be clever and graceful. She writes pleasantly, if somewhat diffusely, and has been fairly well treated by the publishers, though the variety of paper and the arrangement of the plates (sometime in bunches of two or three together) prevent the neat, thin quarto from being an altogether successful piece of bookmaking. There are puzzling references, once or twice, to illustrations which do not appear in the volume—an oversight to be regretted, as the reader is set to looking for the missing plates and is discontented when he does not find them. The striking out of a few words from the text would have remedied the evil.

The Scribners publish 'Eighty Drawings, including The Weaker Sex,' by C. D. Gibson. This is the eighth in the series of those volumes of Mr. Gibson's work which have become an essential part of the holiday season, and contains, besides the cartoons from *Life* and *Collier's*, the usual supplementary sketches, mostly heads of such pretty girls as Mr. Gibson contrives to make prettier each year, difficult though the task must be. On the whole, we take this volume to be the best of the series, though not on account of "The Weaker Sex," which does not interest as much as some of the previous sets of drawings. The artist's pet mannerism—the placing of the eyes too low in the face—is of service in giving an air of archness and a kittenish look to his heads of young women, but it does not succeed so well in the face of his hero. It is in the more frankly comic drawings that Mr. Gibson seems to us at his best; some of his slightly caricatured types being wonderfully good, and his satire often capital. The greater humorous draughtsmen have been dying off with alarming rapidity of recent years, and Mr. Gibson is almost the only one left to the English-speaking peoples.

'The Art Album of the International Studio' (John Lane) is a collection of one hundred plates, republished from that magazine, in an illuminated cover. The kind of art in which the *Studio* glories is pretty well known, and those who like it may like to have this collection. There are good things in it, but the extravagances of design and color in which the artists indulge are not less conspicuous in bulk than they were in detail. The publishers have put themselves to no great trouble or expense of bookmaking, the plates being simply bound together without titles or artists' names, table of contents, or any other aid to identification. One must guess at the subject of any drawing, and if one wants to know whose work one is looking at, one must search for the signature; in case of its absence or illegibility (both frequent) one must guess again.

The extreme partiality of M. Camille Mauclair for the work of the impressionist school of painting especially fitted him to write the little book on 'The French Impressionists' which forms a part of E. P. Dutton's "Popular Library of Art"; it has especially unfitted him to write the larger book on 'The Great French Painters and the Evolution of French Painting from 1830 to the Present Day,' which is now brought out by the same publishers. In their advertisement the publishers say that "an authoritative treatise on Modern

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French Art (1830-1900) has long been called for." Such a treatise they have not supplied. What they have given us is rather a piece of special pleading—something almost in the nature of a tract. The very list of illustrations is significant. Out of the 112 reproductions in the book, 46 are of works by artists strictly identified with the impressionist movement, and more than a dozen others are after artists more or less connected with or influenced by it; that is, about one-half the illustrations given of the whole French school of the last seventy years are allotted to this small group of painters. Taken in detail, the list is still more surprising. The leaders of impressionism are fully illustrated, Manet, Monet, and Degas having nine pictures each and Renoir eight. Millet is the only other artist who fares so well, he also having nine illustrations, while Corot has but four and Rousseau two. If we pass from the Barbizon school to some of the more celebrated masters of a more conservative type, we go still more rapidly down the scale, with J. P. Laurens, two; Gérôme, Bonnat, and Carolus Duran, one each; and Meissonier, none at all. The text is even more one-sided than the illustrations, and some of the latter are, apparently, printed only as horrid examples; the author taking pains to point out how poor the work illustrated really is. The translation is not competent, and reaches the grotesque when Puvis de Chavannes's "Poor Fisherman" masquerades as "The Poor Sinner." To any one, however, who cares to see what French art looks like when seen, as it were, through blue spectacles, the book may be not without its value.

'The Shenandoah Valley and Virginia, 1861 to 1865,' by Sanford C. Kellogg, U. S. A. (New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.), is a running account (with occasional comments upon their military significance) of the incessant manœuvres and battles which occupied the valley from the time, in April, 1861, when Stonewall Jackson established a camp of the Confederacy at Harper's Ferry until the breaking up and capture of Jubal Early's little army at Waynesboro', on the 2d of March, 1865. The narrative is spirited, and affords a convenient summary, within the compass of some 250 pages, of operations which bore with great importance upon the rest of the army movements in Virginia, since a raid of Confederate troops dispatched from Richmond when the Army of the Potomac became too threatening to Lee's lines, towards Maryland and Pennsylvania, many a time compelled the detachment of Union forces to meet the danger, and so necessitated a suspension of other important activities.

'The Life in Kansas and Death as a Spy of Spencer Kellogg Brown,' edited by George Gardner Smith (D. Appleton & Co.), is a story drawn from his own journal and letters—with some correspondence of other members of his family—of one who went as a boy of thirteen with his father's family to Kansas, in 1855, at the outset of the conflict between the Missouri Border Ruffians and the New England settlers, who were resolved that this Territory should be kept from slavery. Brown's father was Orville Chester Brown, who was the first settler of the place (near the Osage and Pottawatomie Rivers) which he called Osawatomie, and which presently became the dwelling-place of the more famous John Brown and his stalwart sons. (They do not seem to have been kinsmen.) This boy, after sharing in the tragedies which swept over Kansas for five years, closing with a protracted drought which reduced thousands of the people to the verge of starvation, enlisted, in 1861, in the troops which formed the army of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, and wrote with spirit of the first movements of that energetic officer against the secession camp in St. Louis. Later he enlisted in the gunboat fleet on the Mississippi, and made some daring ventures into the enemy's lines as a spy, in the course of one of which he was taken prisoner, and, in September, 1863, was hanged at Richmond, at the age of twenty-one. The story contains much matter which is of purely family interest, of no historical significance; and in the main belongs to the type of biography illustrative of the patriotic temper, inspired by earnest religious feeling, of many of the Union volunteers in the civil war.

Contemporary methods of critical text-study are excellently illustrated in a group of essays by M. Joseph Bédier (Paris: Armand Colin), in the preface to which the author seems to take some credit to himself for having preferred a scientific procedure to the "divinatory operations" of literary taste. The results of his 'Études Critiques' are therefore singularly uniform and, in the main, convincing. To the majority of readers the inquiry into the authorship of the famous 'Paradoxe sur le Comédien,' commonly ascribed to Diderot, and the examination of the literary sources made use of by Chateaubriand in his works on America, will certainly prove most entertaining. By an ingeniously elaborate sifting of the various kinds of correction or interpolation in the manuscript of the 'Paradoxe,' M. Bédier seeks to refute the comparatively recent hypothesis that this work was written not by Diderot, but by Naigeon, his friend and amanuensis. The case of Chateaubriand resolves itself in M. Bédier's hands into an exposure of, to say the least, exceptionally free "lifting." Having proved to his own satisfaction that Chateaubriand's American itinerary was impossible in the time allowed, his unsparing critic collates passages from the 'Voyage en Amérique,' etc., with extracts from Charlevoix, Carver, William Bartram, and others; all which is perfectly irrefragable, for the coincidences are too many to be fortuitous. We have even discovered some unnoticed by M. Bédier; for instance, "Les Natchez," ch. 1, with Bartram's account of strawberry picking (Pt. II., 3). But Chateaubriand, like Dumas, improved what he made his own.

'La Société Française au XIIIe Siècle,' by M. Ch. V. Langlois (Paris: Hachette), opens with an accurate and well condensed introduction explaining the methods through which the life of so long-past a century can be presented to a modern reader, with the help of romances of adventure abounding in concrete detail. Distributing his selection over practically the whole area, included in ten good stories, M. Langlois furnishes a large and varied amount of matter, from which, however, nothing more than somewhat confused impressions are obtainable, for we are here offered only faithful, partly modernized, renderings of tales, without specific application of the criteria dwelt on in the introduction. In other words, how shall we learn to accept and reject, since the author himself slips out of his obvious task?

Dr. A. Warburg won his spurs years ago with an essay on Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" and "Spring" (Hamburg and Leipzig: Leopold Voss, 1893), the literary and classical sculpturesque inspiration of which he endeavored to trace. That is now an old story, and his results have proved fruitful to later research. Since then, Dr. Warburg has devoted himself chiefly to the entertaining task of reconstructing the holiday life of Renaissance Florence, and he has not neglected the field of art as a source of information. Nor is there anything unsuitable in the exploitation of the work of art as a document in the history of civilization, provided that neither the writer nor his readers confuse this pursuit with the æsthetic and intrinsic interest in art. More recently, Dr. Warburg has been devoting his attention to Florentine iconography, and in his latest pamphlet, 'Bildniskunst und Florentinisches Bürgertum: Domenico Ghirlandajo in Santa Trinita; die Bildnisse des Lorenzo de' Medici und seiner Angehörigen' (Leipzig: Seemann), he succeeds in identifying several portraits and in guessing at as many more among the figures in Ghirlandajo's frescoes in the Sassetti Chapel in Santa Trinita at Florence.

Professor Schulte of Bonn, the head of the Prussian Historical Institute in Rome, in his researches in the Vatican Archives, to which, as a representative of a friendly Power, he had exceptional access, recently discovered a lot of documents referring to the Indulgence trade of 1517, which formed the outward occasion for the outbreak of the Reformation. They consist of a large number of bills and receipts, originally from the banks of the Fuggers, the greatest financial house of the time, which prove beyond a doubt that the Curia received one-half of all the funds collected from this sale, the other half going to German princes and ecclesiastics. The documents were so compromising for the Roman Catholic Church that Schulte appealed for instructions as to publication to the Prussian Cultus Minister, who gave his decision in the word, "Ignoriren." This was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the custodian of the Vatican Archives, the German Jesuit Ehrle, had advised the publication of these documents in the interests of impartial history. The conflict of duties resulted in Schulte's resigning his position in Rome and returning to his work in Bonn. Whether the Vatican authorities will publish these capital finds is as yet uncertain; but Catholic savants, such as the historian Janssen, have in their writings recognized this nefarious business as a fact on the basis of other sources.

Professor von Soden, of the Berlin University, while on the hunt for New Testament manuscripts in the East about two years ago, was fortunate enough to find in the inner closed chamber of the chief mosque of Damascus a whole mass of documents, which, at the solicitation of the German Emperor, were entrusted to the Berlin Museum. Von Soden, with the coöperation of Bruno Violet, who has devoted a full year to these manuscripts, has now made a report of his findings to the Royal Prussian Academy of Science, the results being pre-

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sented by Professor Harnack. The collection includes among other treasures the following documents: (1) Latin liturgical works, with musical notes, from the 10th to 12th centuries; also, Latin letters of Baldwin King of Jerusalem, and an old French hymn of 88 verses; (2) a large collection of Hebrew works, religious and profane, synagogical literature and fragments of the Scriptures; (3) some most valuable Samaritan texts, including a calendar and Pentateuch fragments; (4) large fragments in the Armenian language, consisting of twenty Psalms, a large portion of Matthew, and parts of the Church Fathers; (5) several Egyptian Coptic writings; (6) Syriac literature abundantly represented, some of the works being palimpsests with Arabic underwritings; (7) fragmentary Greek ecclesiastical writings, with portions of Homer, portions of the Septuagint, New Testament extracts, all in majuscule writing—among these also a selection from the gospel of John; (8) most valuable of all, a fragment in the Palestine-Aramaic language.

'Spemann's Kunst-Kalender' for 1904 (New York: Lemcke & Buechner) is of the pad variety, and is supplied for every day of the year with a picture of some work of art, embracing in the bulk a large part of the world in many ages. By a *tour de force*, something informing and sensible is written about each plate, ancient, mediæval or modern. There is a mine of instruction in this gallery, which should prove popular.

—Dr. Buckley's study of fanaticism in the United States is the main contribution of serious interest in the December *Century*. There is a quite unconscious humor in his citing as fanaticism Wendell Phillips's famous reading of the formula, "God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." The second instalment of the Thackeray-Baxter correspondence has many bits of piquant interest, such as the comment on Professor Agassiz, "a delightful *bonhommious* person, as frank and unpretending as he is learned and illustrious in his own branch"; "My praises of American women are going all about the town, and Lady Stanley says are outrageous"; "Curtis's article touched me very much. I hope that is the right view of the character. So with all its shortcomings may God Almighty find it and deal with it. And I like to think that I have left that sort of good opinion behind me amongst those I love in your country." Thackeray's first letter from Charleston shows him quite naturalized in talking of "niggers," and please God he will soon "be able to say that people here are not all cruel" (*scilicet*, slavery is not as black as it is painted). André Saglio contributes an article on the Bigoudines of Brittany, that strangely persistent fragment which remains as the only living witness to perhaps the earliest traceable wave of westward-moving population in prehistoric Europe. M. Saglio is said to have been struggling with the problem for some years, but demonstrably certain results are still meagre. The editor makes the bicentenary of Jonathan Edwards the occasion for a few words on religious tolerance, with a plea that the growth of this virtue may not be allowed to bring in an era of moral indifferentism.

—The Christmas *Scribner's* eschews the strenuous, and gives itself up to stories, poems, travel, and description. Henry van Dyke's "Ode to Music" is, perhaps, the most notable contribution. Frederick Palmer describes Buda and Pest, "one of the newest of cities, joined by a hyphen and five bridges to one of the oldest of capitals." E. C. Peixotto furnishes the illustrations, among which some of the native men and women are especially effective. Edward Penfield furnishes both text and illustrations (reproduced in color) for a view of "Holland from the Stern of a Boeier." In the "Field of Art," Russell Sturgis and Frank Fowler comment on Mr. Sargent's recent addition to the decoration of "Sargent Hall," at the head of the stairway in the Boston Public Library. The two are one in their high praise of the work, and in the opinion that it shows a distinct advance in adaptation of the artist's powers to the peculiar demands of the subject and situation, as compared with the work completed eight years ago in the other end of the gallery. Mr. Sturgis is somewhat pessimistic as to the chance of getting a satisfactory view of these decorations when the completion of the work shall have subtracted, from the already insufficient light, the little that is now gained by reflection from the bare walls.

—Professor Lounsbury's discussion, in the current *Harper's*, of the question whether English is becoming corrupt seems to put him on the side of the easy policy of "letting Natur caper." At least the efforts of Jonathan Swift and others who have troubled their minds over supposed corruptions in the mother tongue seem to him but empty beatings of the air. It is easy enough to show the errors in Swift's diagnosis, and the futility of some of his plans for improvement; but the apparent assumption that conscious effort on the part of intelligent users of a language is a negligible quantity in its development is questionable. J. C. Thompson makes a plausible plea (*pro domo sua*) for the collection and publication of Tennyson's intentionally suppressed poems. The chief point is that, aside from their inherent worth as poetry, they are necessary to a proper understanding of the poet's development, and the more so because the poems which we have in authorized editions were so largely rewritten and improved after their original composition. But, after all, we get from the waste basket of these earlier years merely the material evidence that, with added experience of life and art, poets, as other men,

> "may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things";

a truth which could hardly be questioned in respect of such a man as Tennyson. Mark Twain's "A Dog's Tale" begins as if the sole intention were to burlesque the Thompson-Seton style of animal stories, and ends with a first-class anti-vivisection document. The reversal is scarcely artistic.

—The principal feature of *McClure's* for December, from our point of view if not from the editor's, is the first of a new series of Mr. LaFarge's ever delightful articles on art, entitled "One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting." On the cover it is called "The Hundred Greatest Pictures"—a title which we may be sure Mr. LaFarge never sanctioned. His catholicity of taste and dislike of positive statements would make him the first to revolt against the notion that any possible hundred pictures could be "the greatest." His point of view in the present series is indicated in his opening sentence: "The contemplation of art is a form of study of the history of man." His aim has been to select such pictures as throw the greatest light either on the actual life or on the ideals and aspirations of other times, "choosing, as far as possible, such as might well be called masterpieces, or works of extraordinary merit, partly because the greater works carry on more thoroughly the life of all mankind, apart from small fluctuations or disturbances which are evanescent, however important they have seemed for a time." We have given this last extract in full because it is so characteristic of the carefully guarded and qualified manner in which Mr. LaFarge thinks and writes. In writing of "Portraits of Civic Life," then, in this present instalment, he discusses the Corporation Pieces of Hals and Rembrandt and Van der Helst with regard, principally, to their historic and human interest, and only incidentally as illustrations of artistic methods. Minor technical matters he disregards altogether; but his wide knowledge of art and his many-sided sympathies make themselves felt, and we get from his gentle pages a truer evocation of the artistic personalities he is dealing with than any other man could give us, while the charm of his style is such that we could be content to listen to that alone, though he told us much less than he does.

—Spurious memoirs are no novelty in literature, but the deliberate manufacturing of them has only recently become a recognized branch of the publishing business. Four years ago, in reviewing 'The Martyrdom of an Empress,' we pointed out, from intrinsic evidence furnished by the writer's absolute ignorance of Austrian matters, the questionable character of the book. We now have a "companion volume," by the same biographer, on the Emperor Francis Joseph, bearing the title of 'A Keystone of Empire' (Harpers). 'The Martyrdom of an Empress' purported to have been written by a woman to whom the unhappy Elizabeth disclosed her inmost secrets; in the 'Keystone' the impression conveyed is that of an ubiquitous aide-de-camp who is within earshot during a seventeen-page "heart-to-heart talk" between the Emperor Ferdinand and the Archduchess Sophia, when the Emperor "would have sincerely preferred an encounter with a virago from the slums, flying at him with oaths and curses, or tearing him bodily like a wildcat"; who has often accompanied Francis Joseph "in the glorious hours of cross-country racing," and has seen him save "scores and scores of human beings" during the inundation of Szegedin. But as we listen to the aide-de-camp's wonderful recitals, he suddenly (p. 176), after an outburst of one of Elizabeth's confidences (she figures also in the 'Keystone'), changes back into a woman: "I felt all the disgust of a childless woman for a mother's implacable jealousy; but now that I have a tall boy of my own, who in a few short years will have reached a marriageable age," etc., etc. This change is no more surprising than that of Francis Joseph himself, who in the 'Martyrdom' was the heartless tormentor of his wife, while in the 'Keystone' he is an angel of light and only now and then "a man, made of flesh and blood." With the sex of the author left in doubt, it is not surprising that the style

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is not always the man. The 'Martyrdom' read like a caricature of Luise Mühlbach; the 'Keystone' is a travesty of the Bowery melodrama. Only one thing remains unchanged: the ignorance of the author, in spite of her surface acquaintance with Vienna newspaper gossip and the reported tittle-tattle of Austrian court life. She—for her portrait has been made public—who professes to know every thought and action of Francis Joseph and Elizabeth, misquotes the first line of the present Austrian national hymn which every child of eight in Austria knows by heart, does not know the rank of the present Austrian chief-of-staff, and speaks of Taaffe (whose name she misspells, as she does dozens of German words) as "one of Austria's greatest prime ministers." She boldly dedicates this patchwork "to his Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor-King of Austro-Hungary [*sic*], in memory of former days"! What next?

—The Royal Society of London has published the first number of "Reports of the Sleeping-Sickness Commission," whose investigations have been carried on at Entebbe, Uganda. In a preliminary note, Dr. Aldo Castellani gives an account of his discovery last November of a living trypanosome in the cerebro-spinal fluid taken during life from a patient with a well-marked case of sleeping sickness. Subsequent observations showed the presence of trypanosomes in twenty out of thirty-four cases. The trypanosome found, while not apparently differing materially from the species existing in the blood of persons with trypanosoma fever *(Trypanosoma Gambiense)*, may possibly be differentiated from it, as the micro-nucleus lies nearer the extremity and the vacuole is larger. From the progress report of Lieut.-Col. David Bruce and Dr. David Nabarro of the commission, it appears that trypanosomes are present in the cerebro-spinal fluid in all cases of sleeping sickness in Kavirondo as well as in Uganda. Further investigations show that the parasite occurs not only in the cerebro-spinal fluid, but also in the blood of sleeping-sickness cases. In trypanosoma fever there are trypanosomes in the blood, but that malady, which is characterized by a slight rise of temperature, causes little or no inconvenience, while sleeping sickness is a well-marked disease and is invariably fatal. Apparently, either the trypanosomes found in sleeping sickness and those existing in trypanosoma fever belong to different species and give rise to different diseases, or they are identical, and, if confined to the blood, simply occasion slight feverish symptoms, whereas if they gain entrance to the cerebro-spinal fluid they cause sleeping sickness. The commission does not attempt at this stage of the inquiry to settle this question, but hopes for a solution before long. The means by which the disease is disseminated is also a subject of inquiry, and the existence of trypanosomes on tsetse flies freshly caught in the vicinity of Entebbe suggests that they may be carried by these insects. The report contains the clinical histories of twenty-one cases and of numerous experiments on monkeys, and is illustrated with half-tones and colored plates.

—Rarely can it have fallen to a man of eighty-three to produce his *magnum opus*. Yet it is not probable that Dr. E. H. Gifford would regard any of his previous publications, numerous as they are, as in any way to be compared with the monumental edition of the 'Præparatio Evangelica' of Eusebius of Cæsarea, which has just been issued by the Clarendon Press in five volumes and 2,730 pages. In it he has given a piece of work thoroughly satisfactory at all points. He has constructed a new text on the basis of new collations covering the entire MS. field, and following, but with independence, the traces of Heikel and Diels. To the text he has added an English translation, the only one in a modern language except the antiquated rendering into French by Séguier. A volume of commentary follows, and the whole multifarious content is made accessible by several elaborate indices. That this book appears for the first time in a satisfactory edition, and, above all, in translation, is only less astonishing than the industry of its present editor, for the accumulation of massed and clotted learning which Eusebius has preserved to us here is one of the most considerable in all ancient literature. Its numerous and lengthy quotations make it, perhaps, our most important source for early philosophy. It has preserved for us Sanchuniathon—or what would pass for him—by far the most considerable fragment from the lost letters of Phœnicia. Here, too, we find the largest of the three fragments of Euemerus which time has spared, oracles, scraps of mythology and folklore, and bits from poets, major and minor. In all this Eusebius builded better than he knew, striking as the conception and execution of the 'Præparatio' are. And now Dr. Gifford gives to it almost 600 pages of very necessary commentary. If, as he modestly pleads, he is neither historian, poet, philosopher, archæologist, astronomer, nor ethnologist, he has shown himself a good substitute for all. Something of all there was certainly needed for this task. No single scholar could exhaustively comment on so vast a farrago as we have here; Dr. Gifford has produced an admirable bit of pioneering work.

THACHER'S COLUMBUS.

Christopher Columbus: His Life, his Work, his Remains, as revealed by original printed and manuscript records. By John Boyd Thacher. G. P. Putnam's Sons. *1903. Volumes I., II., royal octavo.*

The Hon. John Boyd Thacher of Albany is probably best known to contemporary fame as one of that small but worthy body of American publicists who aspire to add to the services they have rendered in official political stations by making further contributions to the general welfare through the writing of books. His name is better known in the widening circle of book collectors as that of the owner of an important library, illustrating the history of printing and the discovery and settlement of America. Mr. Thacher's library is currently reputed to rank in the very first class, in regard to both the number and the quality of its treasures. It is doubtful whether the owner of any other library of its size in this country has shown equal judgment in determining the especial lines along which to develop his taste for book-buying, or in picking up the scattered volumes necessary to make a well-rounded and comprehensive collection upon the chosen subjects. There is less doubt that none of Mr. Thacher's rivals in the bookshops and the auction room have shown so thorough a realization of what his treasures signify, individually and collectively, as the abiding witnesses of literary and historical progress. It would be difficult to name any other American collector who has expended equal sums for the acquisition of bibliographic treasures, who has given such good proof of understanding why each volume has a proper and necessary place upon his shelves. Mr. Thacher has attained to an eminent rank in the annals of book-collecting in this country, as an exemplar of the true bibliophile, sharply contrasted with the mere lover of rare and costly possessions. Secure in this position, he apparently also desires to become known as the historian of the Discovery of America.

It is not easy to convey an adequate or a fair idea of Mr. Thacher's 'Columbus,' the first two volumes of which contain 670 *and 698 royal octavo pages of from four* to seven hundred words each. They constitute a remarkable storehouse of information of every conceivable variety, relating in all sorts of ways to the subject on the titlepage. The student who is in some degree familiar with the uncounted volumes which have treated of Columbus, will find in this latest contribution a good many things, including a few of the highest importance, which had not before been so readily accessible for the purposes of study and comparison. The beginner in Columbian research, and the general student away from libraries which possess the standard works on the period of discovery, will find in Mr. Thacher's volumes nearly everything, in the way of sources of information, needed to secure an adequate idea of what Columbus accomplished and how he did it. Some of this material had not before been published in English.

Mr. Thacher begins his great work with an introductory section, in which he gives an account of the two historians, Peter Martyr of Anghiera, and the Bishop of Chiapas, Bartolomé de las Casas, from whose writings the later narrative chapters are largely abstracted. In this section, as throughout, the author seems to have limited his researches to the sixteenth-century sources, neglecting almost entirely the writings of modern investigators, whose names are rarely mentioned in the numerous foot-notes. The result is, that Mr. Thacher appears to have done a large amount of quite unnecessary work which had already been very well done by others. An inevitable consequence is shown in the two chapters given over to a refutation of certain statements made by Hallam, sixty-odd years ago. Students of the later Renaissance long ago perceived that many of Hallam's opinions were based upon insufficient data, and ignored them because they in no wise affected the fundamental value of his epoch-marking work. A careful reading of the passages demolished by Mr. Thacher should be quite sufficient to convince well-informed readers that they scarcely deserve serious attention, least of all at this late day. The chapters on Hallam are unfortunately characteristic of many others in these volumes, which treat of matters that were long ago left by the historical wayside. It would probably be unfair to cite as an illustration of this, although the temptation is strong, the re-

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peated attempts to beat down Mr. Henry Vignaud's "Toscanelli Letter" mare's-nest. It is already become difficult to realize that ten months ago the most prominent English scholars, old and young, were deeply stirred with anxiety to refute Mr. Vignaud's contentions.

The main portion of Mr. Thacher's work deals with the voyages of Columbus. His method is, treating each voyage separately, to describe firstly the sources of knowledge, then to give a brief account of the voyage in question, and to conclude with the principal text or texts from which the earliest information is derived. For the sources, Mr. Thacher confines his attention wherever possible to the contemporary printed books, and to manuscripts printed many years ago in books that are now becoming scarce. He expresses more than once a deeply rooted belief that all manuscripts are of worse than doubtful value, partly because they may have been tampered with for the sake of falsifying history, but chiefly because they were not necessarily subjected, as Mr. Thacher conceives all printed books to have been, to miscellaneous public scrutiny and criticism at the time they were written, so that the untruths in the manuscripts had no chance to be exposed by those immediately concerned. This theory, that whatever is printed must perforce give a true account of contemporary knowledge, throws a serious responsibility upon every one who has occasion to utter the feelings of Mr. Thacher's own contemporaries regarding the untrustworthiness of his published works.

The elaborate bibliographic description of the printed sources, most of which are in the author's library, is followed by an outline narrative of events, taken from the earliest historians, with notes of variant or conflicting evidence, but without attempting, beyond an occasional statement of the author's personal opinion, to explain or harmonize the inconsistencies. These bibliographic and narrative chapters serve as introduction to the documentary texts, which are reprinted in the original languages, followed by an English version, excepting where the text is so long that there is room for only the English translation. There is no statement of the sources from which these texts were copied, although the occasional allusions to Navarrete leave no doubt that his collection of documents was used for such manuscripts as it was necessary to include. The obvious opportunity to do a great service to scholarship by verifying the accuracy of Navarrete's copyists probably did not occur to Mr. Thacher. The translations are for the most part faithful literal renderings, with just enough slips and oversights to show that the work was apparently done independently of previous translations. As Mr. Thacher only once mentions any other English translation, and that one which he reprints verbatim from a volume privately printed by James Lenox, it may be assumed that he made no use of other translations for the purpose of checking the accuracy or sufficiency of his renderings. His modest hesitancy about mentioning the fact that an American native was "accustomed to go without vestments" in translating the Latin *ipsi nudo* on page 68, or in translating other curious but ethnologically significant statements, *e. g.*, on pages 67 and 211 of volume one, do not increase confidence in the scholarly nature of the work.

Mr. Thacher's failure to cite authorities, except such as interest him bibliographically, is a serious matter for students who have a right to expect to find these monumental volumes of some use for the purposes of historical research. This failure is the more surprising because the volumes are dedicated to Henry Harrisse, who, more than any other worker in the field of American history, has set the mode in this respect. Harrisse's many publications are, as every one knows, unsurpassed examples of careful statement supported by detailed citation of exact authorities. It is equally well known by every one who has read anything about Columbus beyond the school text-books, that such a work as Mr. Thacher has produced could not have been prepared without using Harrisse's books. Yet, excepting for the words "To Henry Harrisse" on the leaf following the title, a reader might peruse these thirteen hundred pages without gaining the slightest notion of the position Harrisse occupies in Columbian literature. Indeed, one is tempted to wonder whether Mr. Thacher may not have set himself the curious, but totally useless task of attempting to make a Columbus book without looking into Harrisse's publications. In the first volume there are two references, on pages 244 and 250, to Harrisse's 'Christophe Colomb,' upon which practically everything written about the discoverer since 1884 has been based. There are two more in volume two, on pages 8 and 371. Oddly enough, this is exactly the same number as that of the references to Mr. Frederick A. Ober's writings. Even more incomprehensible is the failure to mention 'The Diplomatic History of America: Its First Chapter' in connection with the discussion of the line of demarcation. Mr. Thacher's account of the several papal bulls which concerned the Spanish-Portuguese discoveries contains certain radical and extremely pertinent suggestions, some of which are likely to secure the ultimate approval of historical scholars. Yet there is not the slightest hint of the unquestionable fact that, without Harrisse's 'First Chapter,' insufficient and mistaken as that pioneer work has been proved to be, Mr. Thacher's pages could not possibly have been written. In a work outwardly presenting all the pomp and show of learning, an author has no right to withhold information regarding the sources from which his opinions are derived.

The most important feature of Mr. Thacher's volumes is their facsimiles of publications and manuscripts relating to Columbus. Some of these had not before been reproduced with photographic exactness, and most of them are nowhere else so readily accessible. The quarto edition of the "Columbus Letter" in Spanish, preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, the "Libretto" describing the third voyage and the "Lettera" on the fourth voyage, both in the San Marco Library at Venice, are now published in facsimile for the first time, and all who are interested in Columbian bibliography have been placed under an inestimable debt of gratitude to Mr. Thacher for his successful efforts to make these priceless treasures available for the purposes of comparative study. Besides these, the volumes contain a large variety of facsimiles of titles, printed pages, and manuscripts. All are useful as being exact pictures of important statements made by or about the discoverer of America. They give those unaccustomed to handling the originals an idea of what the material for historical study looks like. Their value for this purpose is but slightly marred by the fact, aggravating to the professional investigator, that most of them are made from photographs of other facsimiles, so that they have the peculiar indefiniteness and lack of precision which always marks a photograph of a photograph, and which is peculiarly provoking to the student of bibliographical problems who is compelled to use them for the purposes of minute investigation. Mr. Thacher has not prepared and published these costly volumes, however, for those who, like himself, can only pursue their researches satisfactorily in treasure houses rich in old books and manuscripts. His purpose is to serve those less favored than himself, who desire to gain definite ideas regarding the sources from which the facts of history are drawn. To these, his volumes offer a comprehensive stock of valuable material.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Failure, ineptitude, vulgarity even, may regularly be looked for in productions for the delight of infants, along with successes more frequent and more marked than in books addressed to children in their teens. Betty Sage's 'Rhymes of Real Children' (Fox, Duffield & Co.), with the accompanying illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith, is quite out of the common in external beauty—the pictures are truly admirable—and in the verses, which have a rare breeding and distinction, and are at the same time pervaded by a delightful humor. The thoroughly harmonious combination of pen and pencil is a lesson in taste to young and old. As *real* children display a spirit of mischief, some itemizing of pranks was called for by the title, and may perhaps return to plague the author of the suggestive inventory; and if this be thought a flaw, it is the only one we could point out. We will quote a stanza from "Nurse's Afternoon Out":

> "If you could see our Mother play
> On the floor,
> You'd never think she was as old
> As twenty-four.
> On Sunday, when she goes to church,
> It might be.
> But Tuesdays she is just the age
> Of Joe and me."

The little poem entitled "Mother" shows a capacity for flights beyond the nursery.

Another lesson in taste is the 'Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes' of Dent-Dutton provenance, large open print on thick opaque paper, with colored plates and pen-drawings pretty nearly keeping step with the other appointments; the color designs being uniformly good and unhackneyed. From a Glasgow press proceeds a still larger and more showy volume (quarto), 'The Big Book of Nursery Rhymes,' edited by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by Charles Robinson (Dutton). Here we have one colored plate, the frontispiece; a rubricated title, well set off; admirable typography, and humorous and ornamental illustrations in the text. Messrs. Dent and Dutton again unite in charming reissues of Hawthorne's 'Wonder Book' and 'Tanglewood Tales,' with decorative head-pieces and colored plates.

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About thirty fairy stories, ballads, and songs make up the contents of 'The Outlook Fairy Book,' edited by Laura Winnington (The Outlook Co.). They come from many countries, and a good proportion of them are the old stand-bys, of which one never tires; besides these, are some with better claim to novelty. The book is well printed on unglazed paper, and illustrated with a number of pleasing woodcuts by J. Conacher. "The Golden-Rod Fairy Book' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) justifies its name by an elaborate but unlovely yellow and green border to every page, golden-rod mingled with fairy conceits—dragons, witches, pixies, etc. New colored pictures adorn the old stories, and some not so well known which have been gleaned from recondite sources to add a flavor of originality to the collection. The editor is Esther Singleton; the illustrator, Charles Buckles Falls. Crimson is the color chosen to cover Mr. Lang's latest collection of fairy tales, published by Longmans, Green & Co. While the stories of the 'Crimson Fairy Book' fall no whit below those of its rainbow-tinted mates, perhaps the best bit of all between these covers is the preface, which the genial editor professes himself to be certain that neither children nor their mothers will read, but wherein he states—merely for the satisfaction of his own conscience—that he did not write all the stories in the book, nor any of them, and consequently does not deserve the wondering admiration of the ladies who compliment him upon his fertile fancy. It may be because he feels thus secure of not being read by the young people in question that Mr. Lang allows himself, after naming the many lands from which his tales have come, to make the sly suggestion that "No doubt many children will like to look out these places on the map, and study their mountains, rivers, soil, products, and fiscal policies, in the geography books." In 'Bilberry Wood' (Brentano's) very young readers will find some jog-trot verses about a small boy who went a-berrying, lavishly illustrated by gay-colored pictures, showing the seven bilberry boys and the five little maidens who inhabit the enchanted wood and help Jack to fill his baskets. The pictures are by Elsa Beskow; the verses by T. E. M. Dick.

'Six Fairy Plays for Children,' by Netta Syrett (John Lane), promise cheerful employment for young actors. The never-failing joy of "make-believe" will not be dimmed by too much hard study of lines. The plays are very short, and rely principally upon quaint costuming for their effect. The speaking parts are few, while an indefinite number of younger or less talented children can be worked in subordinately, as lords and ladies, etc. The children's party need no longer be a terror to the inexperienced entertainer, as a difficulty of thinking up amusements for young guests is taken quite off her hands by the authors of 'The Book of Children's Parties' (The Century Co.). Here are programmes especially suited to each month in the year, with games, favors, menu, etc., duly explained. The authors, Mary and Sara White, evidently have none of the old-fashioned prejudice against prizes and gifts for such occasions, for very many of the games are competitive, and a prize is suggested; while it is only the manner in which gifts are to be distributed that varies with the months. This, at least, is a more gracious plan than that of exacting forfeits from the unlucky. 'The Songs of the Trees,' pictures, rhymes, and tree biographies, by Mary Y. Robinson, music by Josephine Robinson (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.), assigns each month its emblematic tree—January, the holly; February, the "herald tree" for the opening year; March, the "wind tree," etc. All these must have their rhyme, their song, and their page or two of text. "Tree biographies" is, indeed, an over-ambitious name, for the scattering remarks about various trees, and the large pages, decorated with conventional trees and sprays in unmodified red, green and black and with fat children in black silhouette, the prosaic verses and humdrum little tunes, though they piece out something which bravely imitates a book, do not succeed in convincing the reader that it fills a long unnoticed want.

'The Bad Child's Book of Beasts,' by H. Belloc, the pictures by B. T. B. (Dutton), has a drollery of its own, but comes off second in comparison with our native 'Child's Natural History,' by Oliver Herford. We quote a sample stanza about the Frog:

> "No animal will more repay
> A treatment kind and fair;
> At least so lonely people say
> Who keep a Frog (and, by the way,
> They are extremely rare)."

Mrs. Peary and her snow-born daughter continue their literary collaboration in the 'Children of the Arctic' (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), a true and simple account of life in that region, beautifully illustrated with photographs from nature. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. publish Evaleen Stein's 'Troubadour Tales' in very pretty shape. The four tales are pretty, too, of minstrels, knights, and pages, and of a little Finnish maiden who rescued from oblivion a rune of the Kalevala. Each tale has a morsel of legend at the foundation, and each is illustrated. Virginia Keep, Maxfield Parrish, B. Rosenmayer, and Edward Edwards furnish the drawings, which are charming, enlivened for the young eye by spasmodic red, and red alone, even to the coloring of Count Reynaurd's "suit of plum-colored velvet." 'Fairy Legends of French Provinces' (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), illustrated by E. Boyd Smith, are taken from French sources; mainly from the folk-lore journal *Mélusine*, partly from Paul Sébillot's 'Contes des Provinces de la France.' Professor Jameson of Chicago University testifies to the fidelity of the translation, which has been made by Mrs. M. Cary. The interest attaching to the stories as studies in science makes a strong claim on the adult's attention, and children will like them as fairy-tales. Some of them are delightful; some out-Grimm Grimm in motiveless malice. A valuable feature is the reference of each tale to its source and to the time, place, and dialect of each. To read that a story was "told by the widow Madame Richet, aged seventy-seven years, at Woippy, near Metz," is to join in person the story-telling circle.

Swan Sonnenschein of London and Dutton of New York publish another important document in folk-lore. This is 'Cunnie Rabbit, Mr. Spider, and the Other Beef,' a volume of West African folk-tales by Florence M. Cronise and Henry W. Ward, with illustrations by Gerald Sichel. The authors have had special facilities for collecting their material, and have strung the stories on a thread of description of African native life. This book, while valuable to students, will have to be translated for children, as the dialect is almost a foreign language. That done, the children will find a modified pleasure in meeting old animal friends under more barbarous skies and blacker, cruder superstitions. For the investigator, the introduction, notes, comments, and the inevitable comparison with Uncle Remus's tales will prove of great interest. Brer Rabbit, with differences, figures here, as indeed he does in the French legends. The familiar three magic eggs appear in both volumes, and these are but two of many instances of community of myth in lands as far apart as Brittany and Sierra Leone.

From the land of fantasy and animal folk comes, through Doubleday, Page & Co., 'The Just So Song Book,' being the songs from Kipling's 'Just So Stories' set to music by Mr. Edward German, with the author's collaboration. A very happy yoke-fellowship it proves. Some of the songs, like "Rolling Down to Rio," "The Camel's Hump," "The First Friend," are well within the capacity of the youthful household choir. Others can be sung to them by their elders while they recover their breath. The accompaniments are for the elders—cleverly made and not too exacting. There should be many happy hours for all ages at the piano with this book and its well-mated words and music, rollicking, tender, dramatic. Oriental intervals are employed with happy and humorous effect. The cumulative ferocity of the sea in "Fifty North and Forty West" is almost as good as an attack of seasickness. The fine pounding to and fro of the melody in "The Riddle" over the sinking chromatics of the accompaniment is like an endless salt search over endless salt waters. This collaboration was a happy thought, happily executed.

Leaving the fields of fancy for realism and little girls, we come to 'My Wonderful Visit,' by Elizabeth Hill, gracefully illustrated by Beatrice Stevens and published by Scribners. This is one of the most unaffected children's books we have seen. The very natural little heroine of the wonderful week's visit to the country has her mind full of fairy stories, poetry, and romantic reading. She loves the woods, she says, "because they are so greenery and whithersoever." She lays the treasures of her fancy before her more prosaic and less cultivated playmates in a wholly child-like fashion, without a suspicion of posing. They, on their part, are natural little specimens of the workaday child brought up for use, not ornament, reaching out for amusement, however crude. The book comes near being a remarkably good one from its naturalness. The hindering feature is the sloppiness in language and episode.

In 'The Adventures of Dorothy,' by Jocelyn Lewis (The Outlook Co.), with pictures by Seymour M. Stone, we see another little girl on a visit, making acquaintance with all country joys. She has many adventures in meadow and stream, and in as far as she is a tomboy she is excellent company. As a premature belle enslaving boys and men and hoodwinking her aunt, she is not an endearing creation nor the most instructive companion for children, upon whom surely it is a pity to foist second-rate company.

For more than a quarter of a century, the Rev. A. J. Church has devoted himself to

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supplying the English home with popular prose versions of Homer and Virgil. His amiable intention was to capture the schoolboy mind by the interest of the tale, to make the youthful and not so easily deluded reader see that the classic epics are stories of adventure, that the 'Iliad' is, after all, fiction as thrilling and almost as improbable as Henty or Mayne Reid. His books received a warm welcome from schoolmasters, and were promptly set as "holiday reading" to thousands of English schoolboys. They have been the *amari aliquid* of the school vacation to this day. Into this wide circle of reluctant readers Mr. Church now launches his 'Greek Story and Song' (Macmillan), a book designed to convince the sceptic of six to sixteen that Æschylus, Euripides, Bacchylides, Apollonius of Rhodes, and other novelists of whom he has never heard, need not bore him as poetry till he has got something out of them as fiction. The "Deeds and Death of Hercules" are extracted from three poets and served up as a short story with transitions by Mr. Church. Some of the more amusing scenes from Aristophanes are also paraphrased, but we fancy that to the youthful holiday mind these will sound like allegories, and will repel as an allegory should. In all this there is more "Story" than "Song," but at the end of the volume Mr. Church justifies his title by the addition of some thirty Greek epigrams rendered by himself into English verse. All of these are well done. Mr. Church is an excellent scholar, which implies, in England at any rate, the ability to translate. But few of the Greek epigrams were written for boys, and this volume is a convenient rather than suitable opportunity for reproducing, for instance, Plato's sentimental effusion:

"My star, star-gazing! would I were the skies
To answer look with look thro' myriad eyes."

The illustrations are reproductions of vase-paintings; the book is well printed and attractive.

Memoirs of M. de Blowitz. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903. 321 pp.

Of these memoirs, the greater and the more interesting portion has been published serially in American magazines. The impression which the entire work makes is a mixed one, and not easy to analyze. It is, in large part, naïve self-glorification, by a man who was equally satisfied with his talents, which were indisputable; with his tact, which was the outcome rather of calculation than of instinct, but which was great in its kind; and with his principles, which were not too high to live up to. But while there is a good deal about M. de Blowitz, there is almost as much about the illustrious persons whom he interviewed. There are also a few chapters dealing with persons who were not illustrious, but who interested him. Three of these chapters (ix., x., and xi.) read like sketches for railway book-stall novels. The heroines are an illegitimate princess, a political agent, and a religious monomaniac. All three are beautiful as well as mysterious. The princess and the maniac are both aided—the latter, in the end, ineffectively—by the journalist's influence and chivalry; the political agent is foiled by M. de Blowitz's superior intelligence. Something of the melodramatic color which pervades these chapters is found also in those dealing with princes, ministers, and diplomatists, so that M. de Blowitz's relations to these personages are seen through a somewhat unreal atmosphere. In spite of this, we assume that his reported interviews are, in substance, as correct as they are interesting.

Their importance as history is another matter. According to the publishers, these memoirs "are full of the unpublished history of the Continent since the Franco-Prussian war"; but this claim is hardly borne out by the contents of the volume. There are entertaining sketches of public men, and some sidelights are thrown upon their characters. There are several picturesque anecdotes which are presented with much pomp and circumstance—as, for example, that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs was so enraged, when he heard of the English purchase of the Khedive's Suez Canal shares, that he broke his cue on the edge of the billiard table; but these are not important historic facts. We have been able to find in the book but two statements which the future historian is likely to regard as important, if true. One is that William I. had selected Caprivi as Bismarck's eventual successor. Count Münster, who is cited as the authority for this statement, publicly denied that M. de Blowitz's report of his remarks was correct; but the journalist asserts that the count privately conceded its truthfulness.

A second and more important statement, or series of statements, is that the apprehension of a Franco-German war in 1875 was well founded; that Von Moltke and the German military party had decided to attack and crush France before its military reorganization was completed; that the influence of this party with the German Emperor was so great that Bismarck was able to defeat the plan only by causing it to be revealed to the French ambassador at Berlin, M. Gontaut-Biron; and that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Duc Decazes, showed Gontaut-Biron's dispatch to M. de Blowitz in order to secure an exposure of the German conspiracy in the London *Times*. De Blowitz also reports a conversation with Gen. Leflô, who at the time was French ambassador at St. Petersburg, and who explained to De Blowitz how the information received through M. Gontaut-Biron was used to secure the diplomatic intervention of Russia. As against all this, we have Bismarck's reiterated statement that no plan for attacking France existed at Berlin, and that Gortchakoff's appearance as an "angel of peace" was an insulting piece of diplomatic claptrap. Bismarck, of course, could hardly take any other position if the facts were as De Blowitz states; but the conscientious historian will not undertake to say what the facts were until documentary evidence becomes attainable.

De Blowitz was unquestionably a great journalist, or at least a great interviewer and reporter. His qualifications were obviously inborn, for his first newspaper work was done at the age of forty-six. His practical suggestions to interviewers are interesting and often acute. The successful interviewer, he points out, will not take notes—a practice which keeps the person interviewed on his guard—but will trust to a trained memory. The interviewer who has elicited an indiscreet revelation must not depart abruptly, for if he does "a flash of caution will burst upon his informant," and the journalist will be notified not to report what has been said (p. 46). The person interviewed should know that his remarks are to be reported; but to this rule there are exceptions. If the journalist is sure that his informant will, on reflection, approve the publication of the interview, it is not always necessary that he should be forewarned. For illustration, read the story of De Blowitz's first report of an interview with Thiers (pp. 37, 38). When the person interviewed is forewarned, and yet makes indiscreet revelations, these may legitimately be printed; but it is sometimes wise to forego this immediate advantage in order to secure gratitude and confidence. For illustration, read the story about Decazes (pp. 307-309).

De Blowitz's professional ethics are interesting: they are so frankly utilitarian. It is more interesting, however, to find his religion tinged with the same professional utilitarianism. When, before the Congress of Berlin had assembled, a well-bred and well-educated young man in difficulties came to De Blowitz for counsel, and when it occurred to the journalist that this young man might, through indirect influence which De Blowitz commanded, obtain a position in one of the foreign legations at Berlin, in which position he would of course be bound primarily to consider, not the interests of the Government which he was nominally serving, but the interests of De Blowitz and the London *Times*—when this whole scheme, which was afterwards carried out, flashed upon the journalist, he saw in it a direct inspiration from "the Supreme Will which directs us." The very appearance of the young man at that juncture was an "intervention of the Supreme Power" (pp. 120, 121). This Supreme Power is singularly like those tribal or gentile deities which we are accustomed to regard as proper to primitive mythology, and whose reputed conduct constitutes, as Jhering has remarked, the palæontology of ethics.

John Greenleaf Whittier. By George Rice Carpenter. (American Men of Letters.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

The indebtedness for his material which Professor Carpenter acknowledges in his preface is mainly to printed sources. It could hardly be otherwise for one gleaning where Mr. Pickard had reaped the whole width of the field. But he has had access to some matter heretofore unpublished of real interest and importance, notably that furnished by Whittier's cousins, the Misses Johnson and Mrs. Woodman. It is, however, only in a slight degree that his book depends on these particulars for its significance. What gives it a high rank in the series to which it is the latest addition is the handling of the material heretofore in print, mainly in the Pickard biography and in the 'Story' of Garrison's life told by his sons. The political and reformatory aspects of Whittier's life are treated with more elaboration than the literary and poetic, but with less intimate appreciation, and here and there comparatively as if the author wrote with his left hand. Had the proportions been reversed, the book would have been even better than it is; but it must be acknowledged that the simplicity

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of Whittier's verse is such that it does not invite extended comment.

The book falls into three nearly equal parts, "Boyhood" (in two chapters), "Journalist and Politician," and "Poet"; and two others, "The Young Abolitionist" and "Reformer and Man of Letters," each of these about half as long again (75 pages) as the three others individually. The chapters on Whittier's boyhood bring out better than any previous writing his relation to the soil, the circumstances and associations that went far to make him what he was. Comparative criticism is a favorite form with Professor Carpenter, and his use of it is generally instructive and satisfactory, but sometimes the note is just a little forced. Thus, it is true that "Bryant early withdrew himself from his simple native surroundings to the complex environment of a large mercantile city," but it is also true that nearly everything that is valuable and characteristic in his verse was written before he came to New York, and smacks of western Massachusetts as distinctly as Whittier's of the Essex farms. Professor Carpenter makes more than any one has made heretofore of Whittier's sensitiveness to particular poetic forms. All his biographers have remarked his early acquaintance with Burns, and how it set loose in him the springs of poetry, and how it was in the manner of Moore that he wrote "The Exile's Return," the mild effusion which excited the admiration of Garrison and the beginnings of a friendship that finally outwore the sharp vicissitudes by which it was beset; but Professor Carpenter is, we believe, the first to notice a long period of Byronic imitation and various other *rapprochements*, some of them very amusing, as where we have quite obviously the manner of Browning in "From Perugia" and in "Telling the Bees," but not perfectly sustained; and in "The Sisters" the manner of Rossetti. Inasmuch as Whittier had seen his own mother melting the wax image of a clergyman with fell intent, the wonder is that he did not try his hand at a variant of Rossetti's "Sister Helen." These echoes in a poet so indigenous as Whittier are proofs that he was favored by his isolation, and in a more literary environment would have been much less original.

Professor Carpenter has a kinder aspect for the body of Whittier's early poetry excluded from his collected works than some other critics, while yet of the scores of poems written before 1832 he finds "only three of any possible value," and two of these—"The Vaudois Teacher" and "The Star of Bethlehem"—might have been written by Mrs. Hemans, at one time his principal model. For "Mogg Megone" (1830-1836), against which Whittier eventually hardened his heart, Professor Carpenter has an extenuating plea, particularly interesting as calling our attention to a passage which anticipates the rapid and musical movement of "Snow-Bound" and other narrative poems of the poet's happiest hours.

The headings of the chapters "Journalist and Politician" and "The Young Abolitionist" suggest a sequence that was not realized in Whittier's experience. For a dozen years or more he was at once abolitionist and politician, and Professor Carpenter has not succeeded any better than those who have preceded him in the study of Whittier in adjusting the degrees and differences of this double manifestation. That he united the abolitionist spirit and purpose with the subterfuges and indirections of the machine politician, there is certainly no doubt; and as little that he did his best to work the political machinery for the advantage of the anti-slavery movement. Professor Carpenter does not disguise, nor does he accentuate, the less attractive of these features which are so frankly prominent in the Pickard biography. It would take the psychological acumen that marks "Bishop Blougram's Apology" or "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" to discover the mutual relations of such opposing traits and their coördination in one and the same personality. Professor Carpenter does little more than give the facts for what they are worth. He treats the moral and practical difference between Garrison and Whittier in much the same manner. His praise of Garrison's lofty idealism sounds a refreshing note at a time when everything of that kind is depreciated as impracticable and not "up to date"; but then there is also liberal praise for Whittier's shrewd practicality. Certainly no one of Garrison's early followers took the line of political abolitionism and party politics more naturally than Whittier. He was foredoomed to that choice. He was not more the poet than he was the politician in the grain. Professor Carpenter seems to conceive of Whittier's political activity as having reached its term earlier than it actually did. He is strangely neglectful of the episode of 1844, when an election to Congress was within Whittier's reach and was rejected only on account of his miserable health. The genius and fame of Whittier had no better friend than the valetudinarian habit of his flesh. Had his constitution been robust, we should have had no "Snow-Bound," nor much, if any, of the poetical production of his Western slope. Political activity would have engrossed his energy.

Professor Carpenter does much more justice than former critics to Whittier's prose, especially his political editorials, some of which that have been long buried he has patiently exhumed. But he does less than justice to the anti-slavery poems, and, so it appears to us, to his poetic comment on the civil war. The former freed his spirit and gave him such command of his resources as he might never have had without that emancipation from the imitative triviality of his early verse. Moreover, the anti-slavery poems have more intrinsic poetical virtue than Professor Carpenter concedes to them. There is nothing of more questionable shape in his book than the assertion that "those who knew Whittier best in later life relate that he came eventually to feel that Webster was right and he wrong; that compromise meant weary years of waiting, but that the further and consistent pursuit of such a policy might have successfully avoided the evils of war and of reconstruction." We do not believe that Whittier ever arrived at this conclusion. If he did, the less Whittier he, and we appeal from his pitiful senility to the vigor of his earlier mind. We cannot do better than to take counsel with Whittier himself, speaking of "Ichabod" in his old age not in terms of retraction, but in terms of manly justification. "The Lost Occasion" (not "The Last Occasion," as Professor Carpenter has it) is not a retraction, but a softened form of the original condemnation.

Professor Carpenter's closing chapter, "Poet," is not so closely confined to Whittier's poetical determination as to deserve its title with so much preëminence. But it contains a good deal of excellent comment on different phases of Whittier's poetry, praising the lyrical part of "A Sea Dream," exactly as we would have it, as "his most musical and most lovely poem," finding his best analogue in Burns as "a poet of simple thought and feeling," concentrating in himself the typical New England life, maintaining towards a fading past a mood of wistful and reverential piety. The emphasis on Whittier's religious verse is slight and unsympathetic; but has even "Snow-Bound" endeared him to so many as "The Eternal Goodness" and "My Psalm"? His religious verse has, we are told, "many chances of survival." It has more because so many admirable hymns have been detached from his longer poems; Whittier's reputation as a hymnist resting entirely upon hymns made in this way, and in no single case on any hymn of his written as a hymn.

Stately Homes in America. From Colonial Times to the Present Day. By Harry W. Desmond and Herbert Croly. Profusely illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

This very handsome volume of "small quarto" form consists of a series of more or less separate essays on the general subject of American houses of high relative rank, and of many full-page half-tone plates representing exteriors and interiors of such houses. Mr. Desmond has been the editor, since its foundation, of the *Architectural Record*, and Mr. Croly is associated with him. Most of the plates have appeared in the pages of the *Record*, and the text, which is wholly new, is fitted to those pictures in a general sense—the photographs illustrating it well if it is taken as a continuous treatise on one subject. There are eight chapters, of which the first is entitled "Men Who Build Fine Houses," so that the book begins with a sketch of the moneyed men of America as actual and as possible builders. The second chapter deals with those great houses as they were before the Revolution, or even before the war of 1812. Chapters iii. and iv. deal with the transitional dwelling—namely, those residences in city and in country which were built during the years between the establishment of American independence, socially speaking, and the beginning of more deliberate and self-conscious architectural work, a short time after the close of the civil war—a half century, 1815 to 1865. With chapter v. begins the analysis of the modern American residence, and to this subject, considered from different aspects, half the book is devoted.

The plates are about 165 in number, all good half-tone prints. They are illustrative, however, only if the reader is determined to use them in that way—that is to say, if he will, on finding mention of a great house of Mr. A. or Mrs. B., look it up in the List of Plates, find the pictures of that house, and turn to them as occasion serves. This it is necessary to urge, because the book is arranged as if the plates and the text were separate entities, no attempt being given to distribute the pictures even according to the chapters which might seem to call for them. This may have been caused by the unequal apportionment of

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pictures, between the older and the more modern epoch; for there are only ten illustrations which concern themselves with buildings erected earlier than 1850, and only three (namely, those of the Stewart mansion once standing at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue in New York) pertaining to the epoch between 1850 and 1880. All the remaining 150 pictures illustrate really the last four chapters. About half of these are views of interiors; and very dull they are, having generally only furniture in disorder as their principal subject.

Of the exteriors little need be said. There is the colossal residence of Mr. Widener, flat-roofed, with a lofty parapet, square-walled, with pilasters and a columned porch of entrance with pediment on the front, and a somewhat similar portico, but of rounded form, on the garden side—all very suggestive of the White House at Washington. There is the group of houses which together are called the Villard house, or the Villard-Reid house, in New York—a building surrounding three sides of an open court, the details of the windows studied from the famous Cancellaria at Rome. There are two of Richard Hunt's designs in late Gothic, namely, the Marquand house in New York, and the Vanderbilt house at Biltmore, in North Carolina. There are two or three of the important Newport "cottages"—Ochre Court, The Breakers, Belcourt, and the Marble House. In this way a great list of stately buildings is made up, for there are also such strange contrasts in design as the newly completed residence of Mr. Carnegie and the picturesque gabled building of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, now drawing on to its twentieth year of existence. All this will be attractive just so far as American architecture generally is attractive. There is no better American architecture, existing in a considerable amount, than that which is seen in the exteriors of these recent houses. If they are not of absorbing interest—if no one leaves them with regret and longs to return to their consideration—it is because the names of Americans are not as yet written in the book of triumph and reward as masters of decorative design.

As for the text, it is difficult to say too much in the way of expressing sympathy for its serious, kindly, and intelligent discourse on this side of our American social life. There is no spread-eagleism about it. We are not treated as Senator Lodge treats us with regard to our Revolution, as if we were schoolboys unwilling to listen to anything except the bursting of fire-crackers on the Fourth of July. There is instead of all this a very careful consideration of the difficulties which drag us down, which keep us from great successes, which restrain the ambition, even the desire, of the artist to achieve something really artistic. The same employer, the same surroundings that do not discourage the mural painter, for instance, almost destroy the architect's ambition, because with the architect the practical difficulties—the questions of plumbing and lighting and heating and ventilating, the minor demands for precisely this and that disposition of rooms—are the matters which are forced upon his attention, and for which, as he understands, he is employed and is to be paid. So the artist who is designing the building is discouraged at the outset; whereas the artist who has only (say) to paint a ceiling, need but retire into himself to think out his scheme, make study after study, try effects on the spot, and finally paint a picture as good as his nature and his training have enabled him to achieve.

Hill Towns of Italy. By Egerton R. Williams, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The author of this little volume has traversed his territory with minute industry, and with an enthusiasm which compels admiration. He has grasped one fact too often overlooked by travellers: that all of Italy is not to be found in the half-dozen principal cities. So he betakes himself to the hills in search of that other Italy—the real Italy, one might almost call it; primitive, unspoiled, and aggressively picturesque. The Italian hill towns are not, as a rule, very accessible, and the sheer physical effort and endurance of discomfort involved in the journey described by Mr. Williams are considerable. Days vexatiously dragged out on crawling branch lines of railway, or in dusty *diligenze* where no railway has yet penetrated; inns where the foreigner is a curiosity and the accommodations are not greatly different from those of the Stone Age—all this undoubtedly does lessen the pleasure of travel. And it is to the author's credit that he seems oblivious of these discomforts in his frank, expansive enjoyment of what he sees. The book is a thoroughly well-meant effort to share this enjoyment with others.

Unfortunately, the point of view is merely that of the happy tourist, the writing is amateurish, and enthusiasm too often takes the place of accuracy or of sound appreciation. Throughout the book there runs a singular looseness of statement, of which one example may suffice. In his preface, Mr. Williams says: "On the lofty summits of those Apennines were perched the hundred cities of the Etruscans before Rome was founded." Then, in his first chapter, and on the second page, he speaks of "Etruria, whose *thousand* cities waxed rich and powerful before the days of Romulus." This is disconcerting. Mr. Williams is least happy in his repeated ventures in art criticism. His eye is caught by the obviously pretty things, while the greater and severer masters seldom interest him. Thus, in Arezzo, he patronizingly says of Piero della Francesca's great frescoes that they "portray a great many figures in dramatic action, which, for the period (1450), is remarkably well sustained. But the movement shows the same frenzy of energy and lack of grace that we find in most of Signorelli's work." In Borgo San Sepolcro he sees no more in Piero's sublimely impressive "Resurrection" than that "the attitudes were stiff, and the composition so poor that one of the myrmidons was actually reclining in the air." After this, it is no more than natural that he should come away considering Perugino's "Assumption" "the best thing in San Sepolcro." In the cathedral at Spoleto he delivers himself of this frantic criticism: "Fra Filippo's main strength lay in his mastery of colors. . . . It reminds one of Guido Reni, so many years after."

For the rest, Mr. Williams has faithfully read his Byron. His book is in no sense a serious work on the subject, but it serves to suggest how abundant is the material for such a work, and how great the opportunity for somebody to write a book on the hill towns of Italy.

The Oriental Rug. By W. D. Ellwanger. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

At first glance it is a little difficult to imagine the reader for whom this volume is intended. It opens with casual disquisition on "The Mystery of the Rug"; treats symbolism in the standard designs cursorily—no one has done it satisfactorily; touches lightly upon the four main families—Persian, Caucasian, Turkish, and Turcoman—with a glance at mats, saddle-bags, and carpets; and ends with discussion of the New York rug auctions, and with practical admonition to collectors. Material information for the novice there is practically none. Indeed, if he would copy off Mr. Mumford's "Textile Table," and, for the rest, take every dealer's word, he would come off better than under Mr. Ellwanger's erratic guidance.

But as one reads on in these vivacious pages, it appears that neither the novice nor the connoisseur is really in mind. Mr. Ellwanger is frankly chatting on his hobby, and the book, with M. Anatole France's permission, might be called the adventures of a soul among rugs. Distinguished literary quality it has not, but it will prove companionable to all who are ever so little amenable to the fascination of these Eastern weavings. To such it will recall vividly the hopes, fears, and disappointments of a quest ever more arduous as aniline invades the purple East. The reward that awaits constancy and knowledge is suggested in twelve color plates, all but one of which are taken from choice examples in the possession of the author or of his brother. These reproductions, by the three-color process, are lovely to the eye; past experience raises the suspicion that the originals are not so red as they are here painted.

Since the monograph is openheartedly a record of personal preferences, a reviewer has only to assert his own predilections where they are not Mr. Ellwanger's also. *His* sober second thought is conventionally for the superb hard weaves of the Persian looms, but his heart is plainly with the Turkish fabrics—Ghiordes for choice—with a commendable leaning towards Anatolian mats; and 'tother fair charmer is the shaggy rugs of Caucasia, with their splendid barbaric designs. Beyond this there is a discerning word for Beloochs, probably the best rugs now readily attainable. All this shows that Mr. Ellwanger's enthusiasms are of the enlightened kind.

A drawback, almost inevitable from the nature of the book, is the fact that the author's textile horizon is contained within the New York rug market of to-day. Only so could he have said: "Cashmeres are rather matters of fact than of art." True, Cashmeres are now a mocking, but the old examples—not the merely washed and faded ones—display the bold Caucasian patterns with an amazing piquancy. Bokharas, too, would have received less perfunctory treatment than an unhappy parallel with the canvases of Vibert, had Mr. Ellwanger recently seen any fine prayer rug of this weaving. But these lapses, and more, may readily be overlooked for his hints of the wiles of rug doctors, his cordial com-

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mendation of the small kilims, which are still in the market, and for the suggestion to seek in private sales the hundreds of rare Caucasians that, twenty years ago, were scattered abroad under the discredited generic name of Daghestan.

English Metrists. By T. S. Omond. Tunbridge Wells, England: R. Pelton.

This little book consists of two fragments. The author commenced a history of the various views held from Elizabethan times to the present day on the nature of English verse-structure. To clear the atmosphere, as it were, for the consideration of natural native English rhythms, he found it advisable to begin with a sketch of what has been done in the way of attempting, in English, imitations of classic Greek and Latin metres. Beyond this draught he was not able to pursue his treatise, and the unfinished sketch, a mere frustum, and that unpolished, is here printed. Slight as it is, it is an adequate and illuminating monograph, all kernel, without chaff or hull. It is impossible from anything else so far published to obtain so clear and so comprehensible information as to what the various writers of pseudo-quantitative verse in English meant to do, or were trying to do, or thought they had done; or of their views and their critics' views on quantity in English.

This is the first fragment. The other fragment, forming the second half of the book, is an incomplete trial-bibliography of writers on versification and writers of pseudo-classic verse in English. Unfinished and hasty as this bibliography is, it is the best thing of its kind so far published. True, it ignores all foreign publications (American productions are not accounted foreign), and so does not mention Schipper. Yet we note but eight omissions which we could supply, and of these only Erastus Everett's 'System of English Versification' (New York, 1847) is of any value in itself or for the history of the subject. Any one beginning the study of English verse will do well to read this bibliography. Its laconic, pithy comments tell just what to read and just what to ignore. And it is much to be hoped that no treatise on versification will hereafter reach the press until its author has assimilated everything to which this bibliography points the way. Such a guide would have prevented the publication of some ridiculous books which have appeared within the last ten years.

This tiny book has an excellent index.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Butler, Howard Crosby. Architecture of Northern Central Syria and the Djebel Haurân. Part II. of the Publications of an American Archæological Expedition to Syria in 1899-1900. New York: The Century Co.

Denny, James. The Atonement and the Modern Mind. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1 net.

Dutton's Holiday Annual for 1904. Edited by Alfred C. Playne. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.

Eaton, Charles H. A Message from the Past: Sermons. Edited by Emily Stuart Eaton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century, described by Archibald Forbes, George A. Henty, Major Arthur Griffiths, etc. Vol. I., 1801-1817; Vol. II., 1861-1871. Edited by Charles Welsh. New York: A. Wessels Co. $1, net.

Ghio, Paul. L'Anarchisme aux Etats-Unis. Paris: Armand Colin. 2 fr. 50c.

Hale, Edward E., and his Children. New England History in Ballads. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Keary, C. F. Rigel: An Autumn Mystery. London: David Nutt. 3s. 6d.

Kiser, S. E. Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer. Boston: Forbes & Co. 35c.

Lee, Albert. The Baronet in Corduroy. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Long, John D. The New American Navy. 2 vols. Illustrated. New York: The Outlook Co.

McMaster, John Bach. The Acquisition of Political, Social, and Industrial Rights of Man in America. Cleveland: The Imperial Press.

Midhat Bey, Ali Haydar. The Life of Midhat Pasha: A Record of his Services, Political Reforms, Banishment, and Judicial Murder. London: John Murray. 12s. net.

Pearson, Karl. On the Inheritance of the Mental and Moral Characters in Man, and its Comparison with the Inheritance of the Physical Characters. London: Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.

Penn, William. Some Fruits of Solitude. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.

Phelps, Myron H. Life and Teachings of Abbas Effendi: A Study of the Religion of the Babis or Beha'is Founded by the Persian Bab and by his Successors, Beha Ulah and Abbas Effendi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Pyle, Howard. The Story of King Arthur and his Knights. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Record of a Family: A Means of Preserving Interesting Data in the Lives of the Children, from Birth to Maturity. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Rorc'h-Yantel, Le Comte de. Le Premier Mariage du Duc de Berry à Londres. Paris: Honoré Champion.

Selections from the Works of Herbert Spencer. Edited by A. D. Hall. (Alma Series of Masterpieces.) Boston: H. M. Caldwell & Co. $1.

Shakespeare, William. The Comedie of Errors. (First Folio edition.) Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50c. net.

Smith, Nicholas. Our Nation's Flag in History and Incident. Milwaukee (Wis.): The Young Churchman Co. $1 net.

Soule, Héloise. Heartsease and Rue. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.

Spemann's Kunst-Kalender. New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

Stanley, William. The Case of the Fox: A Political Utopia. London: Truslove & Hanson.

Stowell, Roy Sherman. The Significance of the Ring and the Book. Boston: The Poet-Lore Co.

Stuart, Ruth McEnery. George Washington Jones: A Christmas Gift That Went A-Begging. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

Thackeray, William Makepeace. Reading a Poem. New York: A. Wessels Co. $2.50 net.

Thompson, Elbert N. S. The Controversy Between the Puritans and the Stage. (Yale Studies in English.) New York: Henry Holt.

Weedon, L. L. God with Us: Bible Stories for the Little Ones. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: Ernest Nister. $1.50.

Weulersse, G. Le Japon d'Aujourd'hui: Etudes Sociales. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.

Whiting, Charles Edward. The High School Choralist. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Wildman, Marian Warner. A Hill Prayer, and Other Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

Wimmer, R. My Struggle for Light: Confessions of a Preacher. (Crown Theological Library.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

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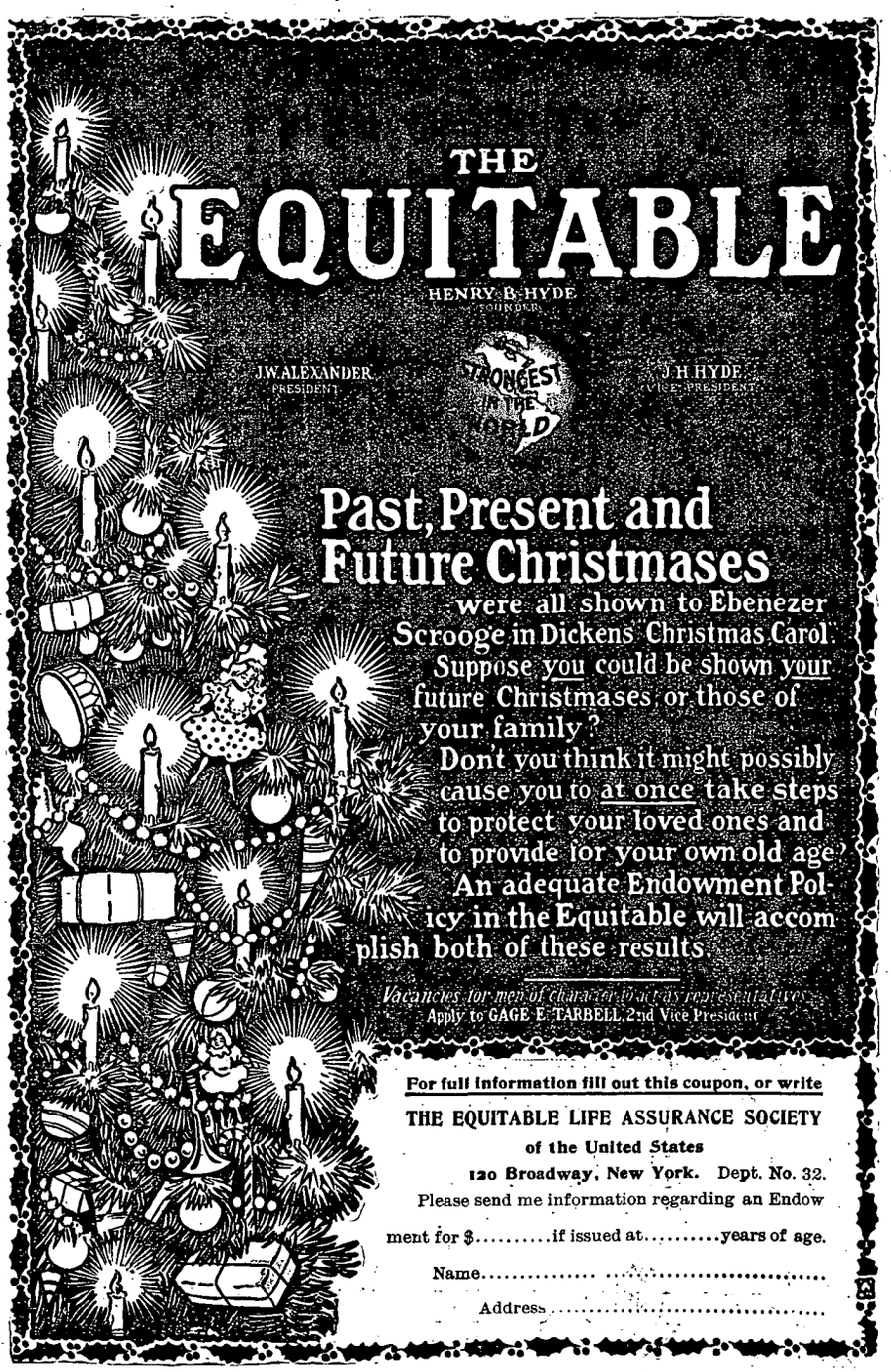
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